"And their Blood will I require at your hand."

WE ARE IN URGENT PRESSING NEED OF

200 VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FIELD.

From every hand the cry is coming in 'Send us more help," from all quarters we have the enquiry when are you coming to our town or village?

It is for the soldiers of the Canadian Wing of the great S.A., to answer these questions, and answer them not only by their prayers and gifts, but with their bodies and their lives. The work is crippled in our Dominion for the lack of sufficient officers, and yet amongst our thousands of soldiers there are hundreds who might step into the breach. We want each comrade to make a personal affair of this call, and to answer before God the reason that keeps them from the front.

People who have anything in a material sense to gain by volunteering are not required.

What is wanted is people who have everything to loose and are willing to forsake all.

The road we offer is strown with thorns, it means loneliness and friendlessness, and the ill-will of the world and the misunderstanding perhaps of Christian people, but it is

THE CHRIST-PATH

and the way of sorrows which the Master trod. The Master went forth to seek and to save the lost, are you the

SOLDIER AND SERVANT

content with home and friends and comforts and self indulgence, when He needs help in the task of bringing the world to Himself? Your Commander-in-chief is the Master of consecration, and He says " The servant must be as his Lord."

Comrades, we cannot hear the thought of souls going to hell, and yet we may be positively sure they are going there for want of more whole hearted, daring, desperate consecration.

Look at the vast army of poor drunkards rolling, reeling, staggering down into a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell!

COMRADES RUSH FORWARD AND SAVE THEM!

Look at that fearful legion of harlots rushing on down the inclote of prostitution to an early grave, to an eternal hell.

COMRADES, brothers, sisters, all forward and rescue them.

COMRADES, UP AND SAVE!

Souls by legions are rushing on to dark damnation. Consecrated men and women are wanted, with hearts, souls, bodies full of compassion, to live only to save.

Soldiers, millions of our fellowmen and women of all classes and grades of society are going as fast as possible to the blackness and darkness of eternal night.

Consecrated men and women Soldiers are wanted, and must be got, and shall be got, and I believe are at command, to go regardless of position, honor, friends, home, cents, consequences, or what not, to save souls from the yawning gulf of hell.

Reader, this is your privilege, for this God saved you, for this He has or will sanctify you. It is for you to face your responsibility in the matter. You! a Salvationist, of all others are your brother's keeper, and God made a Soldier of you, that you might fight where ever and under what circumstances He might choose. Listen to His call ere He turns sadly away to one more worthy of His confidence and more willing to follow Him.

Count the cost, and send in your application to

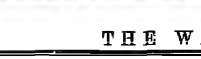
COMMISSIONER COOMBS,
Salvation Temple,
Toronto, Ont.

NOTICE TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

All matter for insertion in the War Cry should be addressed to the "Editor," Salvation Temple, Toronto. It must be written in ink, and on one side of the paper only; and in every case must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not for insertion, but as evidence of good faith.

N.B.—Written manuscripts for publication, can be sent by post at the reduced rate of one cent per half ounce, if the ends are open and the package marked "Printed Cuts," over the address.

We cannot undertake to return rejected or unsuitable contributions.



THE

GREAT QUINTETTE

—OF—

SALVATION :- MELODY,

IN COMMAND OF

THE WELSH MINSTREL

—AND—

SIS—FIDDLERS—THREE,

Will visit the following corps:—

Montreal, I. W. T. F. S. S....	Nov. 9 10 11 12 13
Danville, Monday.....	Nov 14
Richmond, Tuesday.....	" 15
Cookshire, Wednesday.....	" 16
North Cookscoke, Thursday.....	" 17
Stanstead Junction, Friday.....	" 18
Sherbrooke, Saturday, Sunday.....	" 19 20
Waterloo, Monday.....	" 21
Knowlton, Tuesday.....	" 22
Cowansville, Wednesday.....	" 23
St. John's, Thursday.....	" 24
Montreal II. Friday.....	" 25

WONDERFUL RINGS! FOR PARTICULARS SEE POSTERS.

NEW RESCUE HOME

—WANTED—

Household Furniture, etc.

Now is the time for our Friends to help a Good Cause.

Watches! Watches!

To meet a much felt want, we have now made arrangements to supply Officers and Soldiers with a really first-class reliable watch. A Good Time Keeper, solid Silver Hunting Case, Open Face, Stem Winder, Pendant set. "Thos. Cook" near the 6, on the face. Manufactured by the famous Waltham Watch Company.

PRICE ONLY $20.00.

Terms Strictly Cash.

Each Watch guaranteed for five years. Sample can be seen at Headquarters.

Tailoring Department

SPECIAL REDUCED RATES.

Tunics.....	$9 00 to $14 00
Pants.....	$4 00 to 6 00
All Wool Serge (Canadian) Suits.....	13 00
Imported Diagonal Suits, color and wear guaranteed.....	16 00
Imported Indigo Serge Suits.....	17 00
" best made suits.....	19 00
Mahoney's Irish Serge Suits	19 00
New Regulation Band Suit, as worn by Temple Band	20 00

OVERCOATS.

In Imported Beavers, Meltons, and Naps, Deep Military Cape and Collar, Regulation Style from $17 to $25.

These Overcoats are acknowledged by all who have seen them to be wonderful value for the money. The price cannot be beaten anywhere, under sadly. Orders will be executed in the rotation they are received.

CLOTH BY YARD.

We now have made arrangements to supply Soldiers and Friends, with cloth by the yard at prices which will compare with any stores, and for the benefit of those who prefer to get the material made up themselves, have decided to cut up the cloth as purchased, if desired to measure supplied. First class cutter employed. No charge for cutting. All the Divisional Officers have now samples and revised price list.

MEN'S GUERNSEYS.

NEW STOCK.

WE are now prepared to supply a really first-class strong woollen Guernsey, red collar, with Salvation Army worked across the breast. A really excellent line of goods.

PRICE $2.00 EACH.

WOMEN'S JERSEYS

THEY have arrived at last. Real good dresden article. Salvation Army Crest worked with "Salvation Army" across the front. Price $2.00.

BLOOD AND FIRE

RED HANDKERCHIEFS.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Have You Seen the General?

Have You Seen the Temple?

If not send immediately to Toronto to get a Lithograph of the former, or a Photograph of the latter. Price 25 cents each

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW STYLE CAP?

THE EXCELLENT! THERE ARE ONLY A FEW left, so that if any Officer wants one he had better hurry up. Price $2.20, including Cord.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

HOME OF REST.

Captain Langley, London	$2 25
A Friend, per Major, St. N.	2 00
A Friend, per Mrs. Langley	1 00

RESCUE WORK.

Hanna Potash, Aux.	$ 1 00
A Friend, per Captain Creighton, Woodstock,	2 00
Wm. Woodruffman, Toronto...	500 00
Lieutenant Ewart	50
Cash, for Captain Wiggins.	17 81
A Friend, Silver Jubilee, Ont.	6 00
Mrs. Wood, Indian Town, Bay Shore.	
Miss Wilson, Toronto, Sewing Machine.	

MONTREAL BARRACKS.

Mrs. Reeves, Toronto, ...	$15 0.

FRENCH TRAINING HOME.

Staff-Captain Simcox, Quebec, ...	$5 00

EXPECT SHORTLY.

Just a few copies of the two latest publications of the Salvation Army

"Drum Taps" and "Called Out."

Cloth covers, - 35 Cents

IF YOU WANT A

MAGNIFICENT PHOTO OF

"THE TEMPLE,"

—Now is Your Time.—

We are selling off the remainder of the stock at half price, namely, 25 cents each. Size 14 x 22. Makes a beautiful picture framed.

It is a Painful Fact

That many of our Soldiers and Friends have not read the interesting story of the war of 1886. We have some copies still left which are being sold at a reduced price. Paper covers only 15 cents. Cloth covers 25 cents. Send your order at once to secure a copy;

NEW TIMBRELS!
NEW TIMBRELS!!

WE have now in Stock a supply of well made strong timbrels, light for handling, good sounding, with 24 tickle jingles. Price only $1.50, each.

BRASS BAND JOURNAL.

WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK Nos. 30 to 66 inclusive. For the future the Band Music will be sold at the following rates:—

Single Set of 13 parts.....	30 cents.
2 Complete Sets.....	50 cts.
Single Copies (as usual).....	5 cents.

Latest Arrivals—Band Journal No. 66, Contains—"Jesus has redeemed me," and "Mighty to Keep."

ALL ABOUT THE SALVATION ARMY. Do not criticise the S. A. nor its methods until you have read "All About." It will open your eyes and give you an insight into the methods and working of the great "Salvation Army." Soldiers! read it! Outsiders, read it! Price, 6 cents.

GATHER THEM IN. This is a wonderful little work written by the Commissioner. If you want to learn the way to rescue the fallen, and help save the sinners, buy this book. Only 6 cents.

EVERY SALVATIONIST SHOULD SUBSCRIBE for "ALL THE WORLD," a monthly record of the work in all lands, a really superior periodical; containing articles by all the leading Salvationists throughout the world. Post free from Dominion Headquarters for 60 cents per annum.

THE ENGLISH "WAR CRY" is distributed from the Dominion Headquarters, at an annual subscription of $1.25 for 52 post-paid issues. Orders will also be received for the French, German, Swedish, Italian and Australian War Cry.

MISSING.

JAMES MARTIN BAKER, when last heard from was in Jordan, Essex, England. His sister Ada, now in Ontario, would be glad to hear from him, or would be glad of any information as to his whereabouts. Address, Capt. Hunter, Chatham, Ont. Aged 27.

If this should meet the eye of JAMES PENNIS, when last heard of was in Truro, Cornwall, England. His sister, Mary Ann Elliff, who is now living in Quinte, Ontario, Canada, would be glad to hear from him. Address, Clayton Hall, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada. English City please copy.

JAMES FERNANE, from St. Pike River, Quebec last heard of was in Montreal twenty years ago. He left home when about eleven years of age. He requested to communicate with Mr. Baldwin, Mrs. Alex. Cochrane, Pike River, P. Q. American, City please copy.

WILLIAM OLIVER BRADEN, left Tredegar, some fifteen years ago with a traveller for wood for Fort Hope. If this should meet the eye would be well by writing to his mother who is anxious to hear from him. Address Picton Ontario. American City please copy.

If this should meet the eye of WILLIAM ARK WRIGHT, son of James Arkwright, of Fall River, Mass., will he come home to his mother, who is ill or write to her at No. 120 Elgin Roadway, Toronto is all forgiven.

WILLIAM JOSEPH WOOD, last heard of by his mother from Fort Madison, Ia., U. S., now supposed to be in this district. If this should meet his eye would he write to Capt. Attack, will be glad to hear from him. Address Picton Ontario.

WM. MRS. PERCIVAL J. BARRETT will sail for England for Melbourne, Victoria, in a week or so, with her daughter. Mrs. Wm. Bell of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. N. S. Wales War Cry please copy.

WILLIAM LAURENCE FARMER, Toronto, Ont., late of Ayrshire, Clapham, Yorkshire, Eng., will he write to Mrs. Hall, 1 Bellevue Place, 4th Flat, Toronto, Canada.

CHARLES WM. JOHNSON, who when last heard of, was in South Boston, was a soldier of the Moncton Corps. He has built another house and would be glad to hear from his nephew, George Johnson, Tenmouth, Tenmouth, N. B.

WM. HARRIETT FESTELL or BAKER, who left England for Melbourne, Victoria, in March, 1886, with her daughter, Mrs. Bell, of Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. N. S. Wales War Cry please copy.

MISS SARAH NEWELL, daughter of Robert Newell, Brewer for Squire Fryer, Co. Estate, Isle of Ely, Peterborough, England, came to Toronto 10 years ago. It was with considerable difficulty that the Salvation Temple, Toronto; she will hear something to her advantage.

REBECCA HOLMES, who left her home in Stayner about two years ago for any person who can give any information of her whereabouts, please call at 93 Bay street, Toronto.

If this should meet the eye of JOHN MCCARTNEY, or anyone knowing of his whereabouts, they would confer a great favor by dropping a line to his brother James, at Palmerston, Ontario, Canada. He was last heard of at Kewquah, Iowa.—English Car please copy.

The brother of SAMUEL ROBERT JOHN MORRIS is anxious to hear of him. Last address Tilton, New Zealand. She last of all heard that he was in Toronto.

IF MRS. MARY SULLIVAN of Bridge Street, Rutherford, England would write to her son John at Woodstock, Ontario, Canada, he would be much pleased. English "Cry" please copy.

DOCTRINES AND DISCIPLINE OF THE SALVATION ARMY. Every Candidate and every Soldier should read this book. It is of the greatest help to all those who intend to be Salvation Officers. Price, 15 cents.

TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY IT SHOULD GO. Parents! do you want to know how to do this? Then buy the book, "Life Work of the Infant Training of Children." Price, 15 cents and 25 cts each.

21 YEARS, S.A. Do you thoroughly want to understand the history of the Army since its commencement? If so get this book, and you will "get." Price, 35 and 50 cents

LIFE AND DEATH. Hundreds have been converted through the reading of this book. Once start to read it and you must go through. A beautiful gift to the unconverted. Price, 25 and 50 cents.

SELECTED SALVATION SONGS. The latest 25 Words book out. Beautiful Harmony. Grand words. Price 25 and 35 cents.

WHEN ORDERING BOOKS, enough money must be sent to cover postage and expressage.

BEAUTIFUL EMBROIDERED CREDS. We have now a good stock of these on hand. Price 60 cents.

MUSIC BINDERS, important to Bandsmen. We have now a good stock of Band Journal Binders and the Band Journal. Linen stubbs. Price 25 cents.

HOLINESS READINGS. This book contains the most pure reading and sanctified language. A great help to Christians. Price 35 cents.

EN AVANT! Journal français de l'Armée du Salut au Canada paraît tous les quinze jours. Il contient les dernières nouvelles de la guerre du salut au Canada et dans les autres parties du monde. Il est publié spécialement en vue d'apporter le bonne nouvelle du salut aux Canadiens-français. Prix du numéro 2 cents.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER. ONE CENT PER COPY, 50 cents per dozen. Published by Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, at the Headquarters, and printed at 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the War, with original articles by the General, Mrs Booth, and Addresses and Orders to the Officers and Soldiers. There is no issue effected way to spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation of the WAR CRY, which is calculated, both naturally and supernaturally, to awaken Christ Army, and to arouse all who read it to a more self-sacrificing and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the wicked one, and the most confident belief in, and the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Printed, with all S.A. publications, at the Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

The War Cry

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY CANADA

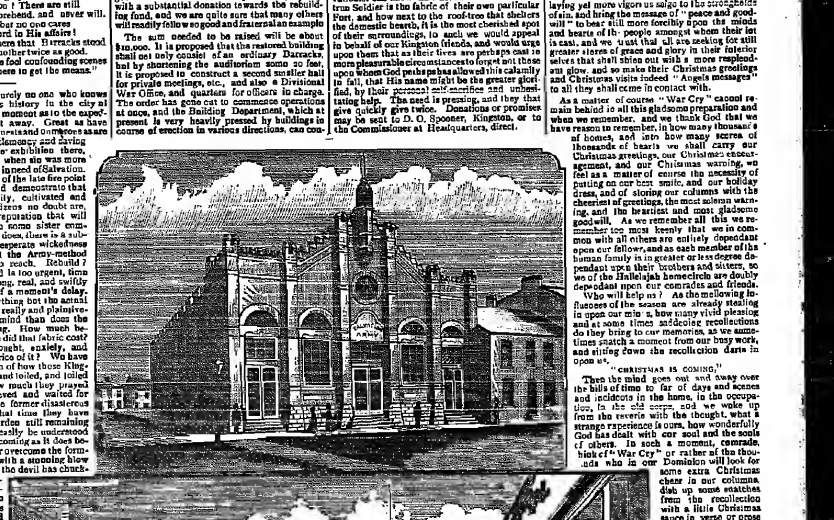
VOL. IV. No. 160. TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1887. PRICE 5 CENTS

The Late Fire at Kingston

A sunlight sort of fellow stood by me and said "I must get insured in I can see. When Barracks get afire, by night or day, The Lord stands still and lets 'em hurn away. If this is His home beyond a doubt, Why don't He raise His hand and put it out?" Said I "your creed is shabby Payer that made With your sense I think, is shabby Payer that made What little there is of you? There are still Schemes y n don't comprehend, and over will. Your manner I think, is one more Than to have you help the Lord in His affairs! Why probably right where that Barracks stood The Lord is to build another twice as good. The Lord knows, in these fool confounding scenes When to rebuild and where to get the means."

When to **rebuild**? Surely no one who knows anything of the Army's history in the city of Kingston, can hesitate a moment as to the expediency of building right away. Great as have been the difficulties in the course of erection in various directions, can concentrate their forces, operations will be pushed with all speed, and it is hoped that at least a great advance will be made before the winter shall have closed in upon us.

It is hardly necessary to say a word as to the special need of this re-construction scheme, we are quite assured that every soldier and friend in the city, will as heretofore do their utmost, but surely there are members of our comrades and friends elsewhere who will come to their aid in this accumulation of difficulty. None but a Salvationist can have any idea how dear is the heart of the true Soldier is the fabric of their own particular Fort, and how next to the roof-tree that shelters the domestic hearth, it is the most cherished spot of their surroundings, to such we would appeal in behalf of our Kingston friends, and would urge upon them that as their lives are perhaps cast in more pleasurable circumstances to forget not those upon whom God perhaps has allowed this calamity to fall, that His name in this the greatest glorified, by their personal self-sacrifice and unhesitating help. The need is pressing, and they that give quickly give twice. Donations or promises may be sent to D. O. Spooner, Kingston, or to the Commissioner at Headquarters, direct.



KINGSTON BARRACKS—BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE.

Our Christmas Issue.

A few weeks will again bring round the anniversary which is specially regarded as the season of joy and good cheer. Many of our readers are already laying their plans as to how they shall best spend that season so as to bring peace and joy to themselves, and dispense pleasure and good will to others. In our various stations and divisions our officers are looking ahead as to how they shall best improve the "festive season" by laying yet more vigorn us seige to the strongholds of sin, and bring the message of "peace and goodwill" to bear still more forcibly upon the minds and hearts of the people amongst whom their lot is cast, and we trust that all are seeking for still greater stores of grace and glory in their interior selves that shall shine out with a more resplendent glow, and so make their Christmas greetings and Christmas visits indeed "Angels messages" to all they shall come in contact with.

As a matter of course "War Cry" cannot remain behind in all this gladsome preparation and when we remember, and we thank God that we have reason to remember, in how many thousands of homes, and into how many scores of thousands of hearts we shall carry our Christmas greetings, our Christmas encouragement, and our Christmas warning, we feel as a matter of course the necessity of putting on our best smile, and our holiday dress, and of storing our columns with the cheeriest of greetings, the most solemn warning, and the heartiest and most gladsome good will. As we remember all this we remember too most keenly that we in common with all others are entirely dependant upon our fellows, and as each member of the human family is in greater or less degree dependant upon their brothers and sisters, so we of the Hallelujah hemesteads are doubly dependant upon our comrades and friends.

Who will help us? As the mellowing influences of the season are already stealing in upon our minds, how many vivid pleasing and at some times saddening recollections do they bring to our memories, as we sometimes snatch a moment from our busy work, and stirring down the recollection dates in upon us.

"CHRISTMAS IS COMING."

Then the mind goes out and away over the hill and vales of time to far off days and scenes and incidents in the home, in the occupation, in the old corps, and we wake up from the reverie with the thought, what a strange experience is ours, how wonderfully God has dealt with our soul and the souls of those around us, moment, comrade, think of "War Cry" or rather of the thousands who in our Dominion will look for some extra Christmas cheer in our columns. Step up some stanzines from the recollection with a little Christmas sauce in verse or prose in any form you are led, let us have it to hand not later than December 10th, and God shall prosper the word wherever onto it is sent.

—Jot—

Salvation Army officer on railroad train. A stranger comes up and takes a seat near by, bought some grapes from the train-boy and invites the officer to take some. Became friends immediately, and the officer hearing that he was deserted advised him to seek salvation, gave him a War Cry, and invited him to come to the meeting at night in M——. Big meeting at the hall, and the stranger forward at the penitent-form seeking salvation. Jesus saved him, shaking hands with a comrade, he, remarked as his countenance beamed with joy, 'I felt like getting on my knees on the cars.'

—Jot—

"Give what Thou will, with Thee I can pass, And with Thee rich, take what Thou will away."

COMMISSIONER'S TOUR WEST

WINNIPEG REVISITED.

A Welcome at the Depot—A Blood and Fire March—Sergeants sworn in and Somebody Saved—Early Morning Drill—Idols Broken Down—A Twenty-two Years' Slave Liberated—Presented to the Lord.

We had no sooner landed on the platform at Winnipeg as our feature from the Coast than we were gripped by the hand of Captain Harrison, who rushes us off for some refreshments and then to the march. The parade at night was superb, the lasses racy of them dressed very "peculiarly," and many of the lads the same; while in front the Lieutenant had a suit of many colors bedecked with Salvation texts and trimmings from head to foot. Of course this went to liven things up a bit, and the result was a big crowd in the Barracks. We had a truly blessed meeting, and after the swearing in of the Sergeants we had the joy of seeing one dear soul volunteer for Salvation.

The six o'clock knee-drill was a special time, while the morning search and holiness meeting will long be remembered by those privileged to be present. God spoke very clearly to all and a

WHOLE ROW OF SCREECH

ofter holiness found the much prized pearl of a clean heart. One dear man also boldly volunteered for Salvation, and as he pulled out his tobacco and pipe and laid them down he told how God had saved him from his sins, and delivered him from that evil habit which for twenty-two years had held him as with chains. No wonder we rejoiced and marched and sang on the streets in the afternoon, and at the happy turn of the inside meeting which the great crowd assembled seemed to thoroughly enjoy. Capt. Cowan of Brandon led the testimonies, and I afterwards presented a little one to the Lord, and a woman at the close presented herself at the Cross for pardon. She was really earnest in her penitence and received a big degree of her heart and we were delighted to see her at the Soldier's meeting afterwards. This was a blessedly spiritual time and a great crowd of Salvationists were assembled. God spoke loudly to all hearts and we were filled with joy at the appearance of this gathering of

REAL BLOOD AND FIRE SOLDIERS,

who listened with deepest interest as we spoke to them and bid them go forward in the war.

Of course we had a big crowd in the night march and the famous Prairie Band played on through they meant it. Inside the crowd was tremendous and the Spirit of God spoke, strove mightily and prevailed as two men at the very commencement of the prayer meeting came to the front seeking Salvation, followed by two others. Oh, how the tears of penitence flowed, how our hearts rejoiced and the Angels too over sinners coming to God, and the joy on our part broke forth into shouts of praise mingling with their songs around the Throne.

This ended our visit to the great North West, Manitoba and British Columbia, and we thank God for all we saw and enjoyed of the glorious Salvation fight that is waging in these Provinces, as also for all the kindness shown us by Officers, Soldiers and friends, saved and unsaved. But most of all we are thankful that in nearly every meeting souls were born of God. We would have gladly remained longer but the war demanded us elsewhere. Our wish and counsel to them is God speed the fight and go ahead, the victory day is coming fast when our King who is King for ever shall be owned and served throughout the might plains, hills and valleys that separate the mighty oceans that wash on either hand our loved Dominion shores.

Yours to help win for Jesus

COMMISSIONER.

—"So long as a barrel of meal was confined to the support of the woman's household, it wasted, till well nigh the last morsel was gone; but when she began to extend its benefits to another, it wasted no more, neither did the cruse of oil fail."

—"Try to understand the worth of the soul before you are called on to resign it,"

ANOTHER FORT.

The Hallelujah Stone-Laying at Lippincott.

It is just four years this month since Mother Richmond Street's first baby was elevated to the dignity of a corps, god through various ups and downs and ebbs and flows of the tide of prosperity the Lancers that have garrisoned the

OLD FORT ON THE CORNER

have been steadily marching on. Lippincott if it has ever been anything at all has always been vigorous, and the standing tradition of the "Glory Hole" has always been that it was "full of fire." That the fire has been cramped and confined for want of a larger furnace has for long been felt, but at last the little "shouting shanty" has burst into bloom, and with by the end of the year have blossomed into a commodious barracks, a spiritual headquarters and a training home for fifty lad cadets. It is an old Irishm that out of nothing nothing can be made, but the Lippincotters anyhow hid fair to make a lot out of a little.

The ceremony was fixed for the afternoon of Thursday, the 3rd Nov., and at the hour appointed Commissioner, looking bronzed and vigorous from prairie breezes and out of whose mouth the flavor of prairie chickens had hardly departed, arrived upon the scene of action accompanied by a large staff and Bro. Gooderham who was to officiate with the mud and the ladle until

THE STONE WAS WELL AND TRULY LAID.

D. O. Morris and A. D. C. Lewis had made the most efficient preparations for the accomodation of the visitors, and the Chief Builder carried the hod in truly orthodox style. Old Salt is well known for the way in which he cares for the lassies of his division, and to this must be attributed the fact that so anxious was he to get his

BONNET BRIGADE

to the front that some of the Staff and the "War Cry" in particular got buried amongst the sisters, and though they were kept well shielded from the cold, they were likewise beautifully preserved from seeing or hearing too much of the proceedings.

Bro. Duncan lined the first song like a deacon, only he forgot the "peculiar metre," but as most present were "peculiar people" oil took up with vigor the strain

"Oh, then God of every nation"

and the refrain, "Bless our Army," rang out with a vim, whilst the small boys on the fences and outside around generally in obedience to the command "Whoop holler up," caught on in a manner more startling than decorous.

After prayer, Bro. Gooderham laid the stone in due form in the name of the Canaan for the Glory of God and the Salvation of souls under the invocation of the Divine Trinity, beneath it being placed copies of the Advance for 1887 and the various Canadian and Foreign "War Cries," &c.

After Lo petit Caporal Rennie had sung a song and the Chief-of-Staff had read from the Divine Regulotione Bro. Gooderham addressed the crowd. He said the building was about to be erected for the Salvation of souls and the training of officers, and dwelt at length upon the great good that had already under the most disadvantageous circumstances been accomplished in the old frame church which it would supercede, and he felt sure that under brighter circumstances and better surroundings the Lippincott corps would go on to grander, nobler and

MORE SUBSTANTIAL VICTORIES.

The Commissioner then gave a short account of his recent western trip, and told how he had been blessed and encouraged by all the mighty things he had there seen and heard. An offering was called for and a liberal response made, and a song closed the proceedings.

The weather was very chilly and many felt the benefit of the Hallelujah glow within, but we are afraid the "small fry" of the district will have sore throats for some time, but it will be more the result of enthusiasm than either devotion, good breeding or cold weather. The Lord bless and make little soldiers of the crowd quick! Amen.

The barracks is to take the place of the old building used by the Lippincott corps on the corner of Lippincott and Ulster Streets, and is erected on the same site. It will be a solid brick building capable of seating 1000 persons, and there will also be accommodation for a Training Home, Divisional War office and quarters for the officers in charge. The estimated cost is $12,000, and the work is being carried out under the direction of the chief builder, Capt. F. Sexton, and a large proportion of the employed are soldiers. It is expected to be completed about Christmas. Divisional Officer Morris or Capt Lindgate will gladly accept your donation towards the cost.

A RICHMOND STREET LUNCH AND A COMMISSIONER'S WELCOME HOME.

After the stone-laying there was a combined march to the old Richmond street barracks, where a "lunch" was not only provided but it disappeared, and from what we saw of a lunch in the barracks we wondered what some people's "square meal" at home amounted to, and if approcintion is the best meed of praise, the lassen and comrades who catered for the braves must have been well satisfied with the verdict, as surely all were with the tea. We don't want a particular name, but are glad to note that the leaders in the fight by no means take the rear rank at the feed. The Lord preserve them from accidents.

We must recommend the wisdom of the arrangements which provided another march before the meeting, and we are glad that so many defented at the table were at the front for the out-door fray.

The march, marshalled by the Commissioner, was a long one. Some carried torches, some Chinese lanterns, and some few handled tambourines. The route lay through the principal west end streets and back to the old Mother Barracks, where a grand jubilee and welcome home to the Commissioner was held. The building was well filled, and with the Commissioner were Major Bailey, Bro. Gooderham, D. O. and M.s. Morris, A. D. C. and Mrs. Lewis, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Morton, and many other "vots." The meeting opened with the song, "Wholly fight for the Lord everywhere." Mrs. Morris prayed, and the chorus, "Saviour, dear Saviour," rolled out in grand style. Commissioner prayed and the beautiful "Jesus paid it all" was sung on our knees with telling effect. Commissioner said he was glad to be back among Salvationists again, and he was glad to be there. He understood that the meeting was to answer a double purpose, to help raise money for erecting the new barracks, and a welcome home to himself. (Here three rousing rollers were fired which fairly shook the building.)

He remarked that the work was rolling on in British Columbia and the North West, but consecrated men and women were wanted, there was very little being done in comparison to what there ought, and the pressing need, the people out there just drink in the word, eager to get all they can. He entreated those present to lay their all on the altar, and God would accept them. While in Victoria he had an open-air on Sunday outside of the saloons, which are going both Sunday and weekday. The people crowded around to listen to what was said, and many were hit. There were some drawbacks noted in the meetings, and in that place one man came out crying on account of sin, and said that if God didn't do something with him soon he would be damned, and after he got through he picked up a bundle of "War Crys" to send to help save somebody else. There were the Indians and Chinese there to be saved, and if he had two or three lives he would drop them among them. A joking policeman of the N. W. wrote the Army to send some officers to their town, thinking of playing a joke on the S. A. The Army went there, and the first one to get saved was the policeman, and now since that time he has had nothing hardly to do, nearly everybody being saved.

Several choruses were sung interspersed with testimonies, after which Commissioner said that he would like all to testify, but money was wanted for the Lippincott barracks, and said he would take it as fast as they would hand it in. He said, don't give the Lord that worn-out fist piece that you can't buy candies with, or the 5c. you would throw to an organ grinder. He didn't apologise for begging, he had a right to ask for the Lord's money. Money, promises, &c., kept rolling in. A 5ct. piece, wrapped up in dense paper, was handed in, Commissioner remarked that it "might as well have been wrapped in lavender, he knew where it came from." We suppose because of the damp weather it had to be put

INTO A "MCINTOSH COAT."

A "frogmeut" collection was also taken up, and we believe a nice amount was realized. Commissioner related an incident out west, where $200 was asked for, and the next morning a person came and gave them the $200. He would not mind if somebody would give them the money wanted to finish the building.

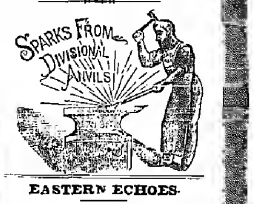
Mr. Gooderhuto then addressed the meeting. He was glad to be back in the "Mother Barracks" again. Four years ago he first went there, and it had been the best time in his experience. He was glad to see the Commissioner; (Commissioner, "She's my wife"), and he went on to make an urgent appeal to the unsaved.

Commissioner requested all those present saved to hold up their hand, and up they went all over the building. He said he had a message to deliver to the unsaved, which was, "You will either be saved or damned."

Several engaged in prayer, and two sisters sought the Saviour and were able to testify to the assurance of pardon, and so closed the day.

The proceedings all through were of the most gratifying and encouraging description, and we feel sure that the stone that was laid in faith and singleness of purpose will develope into a building where many shall be brought to God and made living stones owned and approved by Him.

"S. U. F."



EASTERN ECHOES.

What can stand before an Army of sanctified, devoted, Christlike women whose lives are more or less made up of such deeds of self-sacrifice as the following?

The corps at which she was stationed was in a cold difficulties, but which she had made up her mind would be overcome, and overcome in the way the Master once suggested, "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth."

Her boots were almost a thing of the past, her clothing was bare and worn, and winter coming on; she loved looking fine timbrel too, but here was worn out, and she must get an ulster for winter, and other things too; but boots, clothes, timbrels, feelings, and all are forgotten and week by week this special difficulty is faced and prayed over and overcome too, even then it was not her fault that it became known. But no sooner was it overcome than God had a way of rewarding her with boots, timbrel, clothes, ulster &c., just a fulfilment of the promise, "First the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all other things shall be added."

"I had a perfect horror of your drum when it was first brought to S——, and thought it was a terrible thing to march and beat it on Sunday; but you know your little Captain settled me as neatly as could be." She said, "Do you ever read the Bible?" Yes, of course I do, was my reply; "And did you ever remember reading about anybody marching around the walls of Jericho?" "Oh, yes!" said I. "You remember they marched seven days, and if they started on Saturday or any other day in the week, they would have to go on Sunday in. How do you think our drum would compare with the instruments they used, Sunday and all?" I could not say a word, in fact I enjoy it now.

It always has, and I suppose always will be so, that if ever the enemy wants to help us about the faster, he should go right dead against us. The fight at Lunenberg has never been the easiest, and to crown it the corps has been reduced the further use of the hall. Result—Officers and Soldiers intend to stick to their colors and there is every probability of them getting a barracks of their own before six months has passed away.

There s a big work to be done in Lunenberg yet. A lot of fine young fellows come to the meetings, and just can't the people sing. They can do other things too, but will yet be won for the King. I do believe.

Our comrades from Liverpool, with "Irish Bob," and the Newfoundland Cadet at the front came over to help us in the Anniversary jubilee which was a big and blessed time. Liverpool too are fighting in the big Cathedral. "Devil John" got converted since the S.A. went to Liverpool, and of course he came over with the others, and in his testimony said, "Friends, I was the hardest case in Liverpool. Oh, how I used to drink and swear. I have spent a great deal of my life at sea, and was once in an hospital; where, through an awful disease, 150 corpses were being carried out nearly every day for quite a while. They would drop down dead all around; and so wicked was I that I would swear at them and kick them around out of my way. I had such a hard heart, but Jesus has saved me now," and John's eyes sparkled and cheeks glowed as he went on to tell how good it was to be saved. He is no longer "Devil John" but "Happy John."

This only two weeks ago since Captain Osborne volunteered to fight in the open air at Dartmouth, guaranteeing to get up a barracks before he left. He has collected over $400 since then, a lot has been purchased with the cash, and by the time you read this the foundation of the proposed new barracks will be in, so keep believing for something else to happen in Dartmouth soon.

"Be not weary in well doing for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not," still stands good. Our comrades at Sussex have proved it, they have been fighting for quite a while without souls, and the Captain and Cadet felt, oh! so bad. They had six souls in one haul recently, and one in another. I don't know how many they have had since then, but I do know that victory is ahead if they keep going on.

I met a friend from Yarmouth on the boat the other day, and in reply to my question as to how things were going on, he said, "Well they are getting fish in the net in nearly every meeting, and I believe they scooped one in on Monday night. I was at the knee drill on Sunday morning which was so good that it ran on a good way towards time for the next meeting, and then it seemed hard for the Adjt. to close." Forward, go ahead.

St. Andrews have their colors. It was an awful wet night when they were presented, and in consequence the crowd was but thin. Our souls got wonderfully blessed nevertheless, and we were glad to find Capt. Temple and his Hallelujah wife are more than ever determined to get the victory. God bless them.

Disappointments come some times, but we know no defeat, and because we are determined to know no defeat, we'll not allow the devil to discourage us.

Adjt. Happy Bill and I were announced for a "big go" at Grand Manan, but the tide in the morning was down at St. Andrews, and the boat could not get in within one and a half miles. A heavy gale is blowing—dangerous to get out in a small boat, so we solve the difficulty by "hitching up," and, with our St. Stephens Comrades, going for a 22 mile ride after 11.30 p.m. storm or not. We got the boat and got to East Port, where we were informed that the "Flushing" was grounded and we could not get till Thursday. So we contented ourselves with the realization that "All things work together for good, &c.," and fill in the time for God in another way.

Since then I have gone to Grand Manan and a real good time we had. The people love the officers, and the officers love the people, and the comrades come to the meetings. There's no lack of power or willingness with God to save, and so I am looking forward to a big break on the Island. May God bless and baptise the officers, soldiers, and people too, with that power that shall bring the victory.

I would like here to make a special request for prayer that God will lay His hand upon Capt. Cicero Jones, who is very sick, and also upon Capts. Sheppard, Palmer, and Roberts, and Lieut. Reipault who for a long while have been laid aside with sickness. Will our comrades please take hold of God on their behalf, not forgetting that "The prayer of faith shall heal the sick."

We have over 20 other officers on the "sick and wounded" list who are either resting or needing rest. Don't forget to put in a word for them also.

J. E, MAGGETTS, Major.

From PALMERSTON.

THE NORTHERN SCHOOLTERS.

We were the object of much curiosity as the van went through the front street and pulled up at the Quarters in Peterboro. Lieut. Fordham and her Cadet gave us a proper salvation welcome, and in a very few moments we were conversing freely about the war. We did not forget to have a good time with our Lord, and He came very near as we surrounded the throne. The seats were nicely filled, and a good meeting was held in the barracks—all enjoyed the singing very much. We gave all a fair chance to get converted before we closed and went into a soldier's meeting. And we could not help thinking, as we saw how crooked some of the soldiers were, that it was no wonder that sinners came not to Jesus; but felt after the half hour spent together that they would pull together much better in the future.

Capt. Curtis didn't expect us until afternoon at Wroxeter, and was little surprised at our early arrival, but she soon had a well filled table before us to which we all did justice, I can assure you. But my opinion is that fifteen miles' drive each day is better than Hop Bitters for your appetite. In regard to the meeting, it was as one brother remarked, "a very special meeting indeed." I have never met a crowd that would sing like those people. They do no not wait to hear a song six verses before they try it; but up and at it is their motto, and I feel if God had His rights, and the S. A. its way, that about fifty officers would come out of this village. I have heard people pleaded with to give God their heart, but never heard such pleading as there was in that prayer-meeting, and sinners sat as if they were stone. We stuck to our knees until almost everybody had left the place, and felt as we saw the last one rolled Christ's, for our part there was no condemnation.

Things looked a bit dreary at Harriston. No one at home, but we found the Captain after a short search, and managed to get inside the quarters. Light our own fire, cook our own dinner, and felt among ourselves all the afternoon. Also fill the lamps for our own meeting; in fact, had everything our own way. Some of the small fry threw a few fresh eggs while we were passing the street corner, but damaged nothing except the ground and their own little characters. Considering all things we had a nice crowd and fair meeting.

As it is only six miles to Palmerston, we drove over and put up for the night. Capt. Cook, smiling happy, is setting up reading the War Cry when we arrive, and gladdens our hearts with the news, "five souls saved on Sunday."

Next morning we were off again for the place where they manufacture artificial oysters, DUNSVILLE. The boys who are driving the devil here were hard at work sawing wood and scrubbing the floor. We have learnt in whatsoever state we were therewith to be content, so down we sat weary and tired. Supper time soon came and the Cadet provided a dainty dish of artificial oysters and the

when Beelzebub got the grand bounce, and a sister stepped out on the promise, a new creature in Christ Jesus.

The heavy rain did not make the drive of sixteen miles to DUNDAS any too pleasant, But Mac was in high spirits as he was going to see his friends, and our glad heart helps to cheer others. Everybody seemed to expect a good time, and a good time we had. A good crowd came out both nights. The soldiers' meeting was, I believe, the means of giving the Corps a lift. Go in, hope, long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether will upset the powers of darkness.

HAMILTON for Sunday afternoon and night, and we thought, as we were marching by one of the devil's institutions, and some of his aristocracy hissed out "Bats" through the door, that it must be possible for fiends to dwell on earth. The Captain had not the stove up, and the result was a very cold barracks, but we made the best of it and had a solid meeting; two sisters held up their hands expressing a desire to be saved, and wept bitterly, but would not yield. The heavy rain did not prevent the people from coming, as the place was well packed with attentive listeners, and the Spirit was felt in all that was done. There is much prejudice against the Army here, but I feel sure the day is coming when a change shall come over the community, and many shall know our God as their Saviour. I hardly think we had gained so much in flesh on Dundee as to overload the wagon, but we had hardly gone half a mile when down went a spring, which brought us to a standstill; but it so happened that we had another spring in the rig, and things ran a chance of trying my ability at my old trade, and found I had not forgotten how to use a wrench yet, and in a few moments we were on our way rejoicing again. We had managed to accomplete the balance of the first mile when down went the spring again. This time we borrowed, as was and put in a wooden one, which did not ride much better than the G. T. R. mixed train. With all of our trials we all feel beautiful in our souls, and still shout victory through the blood.

ADJT. PRIDDITT.

From HAMILTON!

Dear War Cry, since I last wrote to you I have had the privilege of visiting a few stations with Major. After kicking up that big shine at St. Catherines we started in pretty good spirits for that place up by the water called port COLBORNE. I felt the cold very much on my arrival but this was soon forgotten, I was soon huddled off in some direction by the Major, and do not know what I was sent north or south, but on enquiring whom I was going, I was told to a friends so it was no trouble to press my way ahead, though I could scarcely see the sidewalk before me. The house I people pointed out to me after leaving our grip bags we started off for the Barracks, accompanied by two other warriors. We began to sing and managed to do a little blowing, and in this way we managed to bring people to the doors of their houses and have a stir up all round. I had never been over that road before and if being so dark I could not see my feet, so I managed to find my way into a mud hole, but praise God got out again. After this we reached the sidewalk again, which was quite a treat, and the lights from store windows gave us considerable light, soon the orders were given right wheel, and to my great surprise it was worse than ever. I could see nothing but the image of my leader, Major Pyland, single file we march along. After a short walk in gross darkness, I beheld a light ahead which helps to cheer us in our trouble. Nearer and nearer the light came, so we came to it and then up some stairs, breathless we climb and behold no are in the hall for which I at least was thankful. We had a good little time, but Jack K—— caused no no little trouble by being drunk.

Next morning we were off again for the place where they manufacture artificial oysters, DUNSVILLE. The boys who are driving the devil here were hard at work sawing wood and scrubbing the floor. We have learnt in whatsoever state we were therewith to be content, so down we sat weary and tired. Supper time soon came and the Cadet provided a dainty dish of artificial oysters and the Major eat his share. Our meeting was one of a little better quality than the previous night. But this is Egypt, land sure, the Major gave some straight and plain truths and we wound up with none of the hard-hearted sinners in the fountain; yet praise God there is a wonderful improvement in the corps, the soldiers are getting into uniform and you may yet believe for something in Dunnville.

CAYUGA is our next place, we have a good jubilee here, our Indian brothers from the reserve use to always very lively. Our meeting was getting into a blessed spirit, the fire bell rang and everybody run to see what was up, this interfered with our meeting. Yet we had a blessed wind up, each one consecrating themselves afresh to God and the Army.

ADJT. SWEETMAN.

From CHATHAM.

Wonderful Anniversary meetings were held at TILBURY CENTER on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, October 15th, 16th and 17th. It will be quite impossible for me to describe them, but I will try and tell you a little of what took place. On Saturday we held a "Welcome Meeting" to the officers who opened the corps one year ago. Captain Oke was with us, but a letter from Captain Cornell saying that she was too unwell to be with us, was quite a disappointment to many, still we praised God and rejoiced over the victories of the year. A blessed meeting was the result. Sunday—very wet did you say? No, very muddy was what was said, the rain no one cared for, but the mud. Well you must come to Tilbury. I want describe it. A good day and a good wind up at night.

Monday, was the day of the three, as a banquet was the order, (I heard some talk of a reckoning but the parties did not appear during the meeting.) I will not describe the spread, in fact I cannot; everyone was fully satisfied. Then a rousing march, six salvation organs at the front kept the people awake as we marched past. On reaching the Barracks we found it full, soon it was packed, no room to stand left; the meeting was the best I ever was in, in this or any other Division. Happy, free, beautiful and full of God; oh! how the people listened, not a word or sound to disturb us. God was working all the close, five souls sought our Saviour and found Him. Many wept who would not come. To God be all the glory.

YOURS following Him,

ADJT. EVANS.

From PETERBORO'

PICKED UP BY THE WAY.

A young woman of wealthy parents in the town of ——, always made sport of the Army and has had many a hearty laugh at it; but the other day when she was dying, and her friends were standing over her bed, the Army went by, singing and beating the drum and she cried out with all the powers she had "Sing on Salvation Army, at one time I did not like to hear you sing but I do now, sing on Salvation Army, King Jesus is leading you and I will go to Heaven with you." Death tells the tale and buries the tide, and brings the scoffer to their knees, and breaks the hard heart and brings tears to the dry eyes.

On the banks of the River, near Bobcaygeon a good work is being done and several have been saved and still the work goes on. Look out for station reports.

In Peterborough the other night some 72 soldiers out of 75 were present at the roll-call and several by prostrate under the power of God. Things are looking up. Brass Band played on the street for the first time October 30th and played well.

A drunken sailor of P—— found his way to the mercy seat the other night and when asked to give up his tobacco, he looked up in my face and asked if I was a policeman, so I informed him I was not, but I was the drunkard's friend and he cried for pardon, and God heard his cry, and he promised to give up drink and serve God as long as he lived. Hallelujah!

A dear soldier at I—— who would not stand up to be sworn in under the new rules publicly came to the soldiers' meeting

and stood up with tears running down her cheeks and said, "Oh on Sunday when I looked upon the platform and saw my vacant seat, I thought my heart would break. I do want to be a soldier and I am willing to be sworn in as the others." There is no place like home, and no friend like mother.

Sister D—— of Port Hope, walked some 14 miles the other night to be present at the swearing in of soldiers and Brother M—— came 16 miles to be present at the same meeting. I shook hands with them at the close of the meeting and they said "I am well paid for coming." Labour is rest and pain is rest when you love the Army spirit.

The "Major" of Peterboro' songs has become a very popular singer of late he brought the house down the other night, when he sang an old song with an original tune, the "Doctor" has also come to the front and plays a Brass Horn.

The Quintette has just taken a run through the Division and has done us much good. They will always receive a hearty welcome in this quarter, "Come again boys."

Capts. Campbell and wife, Pink and wife, and Lieutenant McGinty still remain very ill. I am sure our comrades will hold them up to the Throne.

My own experience is found in Psalm xlii. 1, 2. ALEX. BOLTON.

GREAT ANNIVERSARY DEMONSTRATION AT LUNENBERG.

Three days Campaign.—Big Crowds.—Enthusiastic Meetings. — Hand-to-mouth Conflict, &c.

The 15th, 16th and 17th were the days announced for commemorating our advent in this pretty town, boasting something like 2000 inhabitants, situated on a hill with the sea on either hand, making it a perfect picture. Nature has indeed been bountiful to L——, and so has He who has permitted the inhabitants to enjoy the many privileges of accepting His love and favour. He has also been mercifully patient with others in not rewarding them according as they have deserved, in fighting in open rebellion against Him, and refusing to be subjected to His government. However, we feel the tide will soon turn, and those who are now far away, shall, like their town, have a firm foundation, that they shall shelter in Mount Zion, and as the sea rolls round they may realize more the full ocean of His love. Friday night the Adjutant led a soldiers' meeting here, read the rules, after which those blood and fire soldiers asserted they were prepared to live, fight and die by them. Saturday afternoon the banquet was the topic, and indeed something more towards six o'clock, and a lot of men, women and children soon settled down to some real business. God bless the friends who had helped so well in this affair.

The Major arrived about 6.30, having done a nice little bit on the stage of 70 miles, and was soon ready for the march. After a parade through the principal streets we found the barracks full on returning. The meeting went with a swing, testimonies quick and powerful, then came the presentation.

The Major explained the emblems of our flag, and then handed them to Captain Hallyard and Cadet and soldiers of the corps. The Captain and Cadet announced their intention of being true to their colors, and of their determination to fight under the yellow, red and blue, some dealing with the unconverted followed, and the Holy Spirit was working and Heaven will reveal the good done.

Had a nice time at knee-drill, the barracks was cold, but we were warmed in our souls. The Holy Spirit rested upon us in the holiness meeting, and much light and blessing were received as the Major read the Tenth.

The crowd blocked the door way in the afternoon, so much so that we could scarcely get inside, however after considerable squeezing we managed it, also had a march, brass band to the front; the Major the bass, the Adjutant the cornet, another brother the baritone. You should have heard it, it was sublime. The opening song went with a swing, these are the people to sing, some of them will make us some good officers when they get saved, we shall have them by and bye. Some prayer, and then the Major reads the articles previous to enrolling in the corps, then asking all to stand who were prepared to live and fight by them, every soldier stood, "Fix bayonets, Fire a volley," and in the name of God and the General, the Major declared the Lunenberg corps duly organized, some warning and exhorting was given, and while many were convinced yet none would yield.

Found the barracks again at night, meeting opens with "The blast of the Trumpet," how they sing! Oh, Lord, help them to feel prays our hearts. Some taking hold of God for His blessing, then the Major read of the dread of awe of the great white Throne especially to the wicked. After a few testimonies the Adjutant reminded them of the fact that God is not mocked, and that unless they meet His mercy at the cross they must meet Him in justice at the bar, where wrath and indignation shall take the place of love and mercy. The Major wound up with a persuasive appeal, and after the sword thrust the value is offered, but afraid to venture, they neglect to come, not to-night prevails, we close somewhat sad trusting before they have eternity to weep and lament over chances thrown away, and before devils gloat ever their damnation they may be wise unto Salvation. Amen.

Monday night was announced for the jubilee. Captain Gardner, Cadet Osmon and soldiers from Liverpool arrived in good time. At 7.30 the crowd thronged the entrance to the hall. It was with some difficulty we got out for the march, a good lively trip around the town then back to the barracks, which we find packed and crowds outside unable to get admission. The meeting opens with a swing, some prayer followed by the lesson, then comes a fusillade of spirited testimonies, among others we hear from the noted "Devil John" from Liverpool, who told of the blessed change wrought in his heart and life through the instrumentality of the S. A. Nearly 70 years of age, and seemingly one put in for God, truly he was a marvel of saving grace. Capt. Gardner spoke of the blessedness in the service of the King of kings. The Major gave us a solo accompanied by the banjo, the Adjt. urged the unconverted to seek salvation, and the Major would see with an earnest exhortation many were impressed but would not yield, and rather reluctantly we close feeling that in some degree the Kingdom had been extended in Lunenberg by the three days campaign.

Prayers of comrades are asked for Capt. Hallyard and her Cadet and soldiers who are turned out on the streets to fight the Lord's battles. Keep fighting, comrades, prayer and faith shall give continual victory. Hallelujah. "Victor."

A SUNDAY OUT.

Whitby Whackers wake the Wicked One.—Hot Quarters for the enemy and Headquarters to the front.—A faith cure for "Tobacco Heart."—The devil gets a new name in that land.

Cadet Maddon and myself received instructions to assist here for a Sunday, arriving at the barracks we find Cadet Stabl preparing for the night meeting. Before going upon the march we have a blessed time with God. As we held forth in the open-air the people listened to the testimonies with great attention, showing that they were hungering and thirsting after something more than the world can give them. Inside, although the crowd was not as large as it might have been, still God's spirit was there convicting the people of their sins while the soldiers held on to God for victory, and I may say here that the soldiers of Whitby know how to grip God. The people are much troubled but have feeling flak of their sins.

On Sunday morning

THE PEALING OF OUR BELL

aroused the people for knee drill, and had a good effect as one sister stated that it awoke her. She had wanted to come to knee-drill before, but used to oversleep herself. Any way God met with us and more than ever flooded our souls and filled us for the fight. Truly we could say and sing with our comrades, "It is good to be here." Our holiness meeting was a time of straight dealing, and God spoke in a wonderful manner, and as the pool was opened one soul stepped in and found full deliverance from all that hindered a perfect obedience to God.

In the afternoon the young man that wears the headquarter's S'le held forth, and surely the devil thought he was a

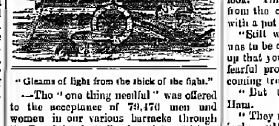
"MAD ONE,"

any way he shot straight at the people's hearts with telling effect, as did also the soldiers and christians, and at the finish we found one poor wanderer in the fountain who professed to again have the joys of salvation restored, and tobacco and the devil ejected from his heart. May God ever keep him free is our prayer.

At night we had a proper red-hot-devil-searching time. Prayer meeting at the quarters before going to the night meeting, which more than ever set things on the move, and the effects of it was felt on one after another poured their red-hot testimony into the ranks of the ungodly, as we could see conviction stamped upon the people's faces, but the

PROCRASTINATION DEVIL

was at work and succeeded in getting them out of the building unsaved. We believe some of them are so sick that they will have to get saved before the week is out. Victory is sure. Go on Whitby Whackers our God is the conquering King. Hallelujah. CAPT. KIMBLE.



"Gleams of light from the thick of the fight."

—The "one thing needful" was offered to the acceptance of 79,470 men and women in our various barracks through the Dominion last Sunday night which is an increase of nearly 21,000 over the previous Sunday. The whiter campaign opens well and promises big results.

—There is also an increase of 113 open-air meetings, which this week numbers 1424. This again is most encouraging, and there were on parade 4008 soldiers on a given week-night which is also an increase of 92.

—What was the matter with you last Sunday morning? there were 836 more Salvationists stayed in bed than on the previous Sunday, only 2080 turning out to knee-drill, this is a terrible state of things; get the drum out on Sunday morning. Captain I never mind the devil growling we must wake up the saints, or they'll all freeze in bed this winter.

—Eight thousand two hundred and thirty-one families were visited last week in 4675½ hours which is 1583 less than the previous week, but strange to relate it took no less than 295 more hours to do the work, and the time was not consumed in the country places where they walk through the mud and go a long way between calls, but in the towns where there are sidewalks and the people often all live on one or two streets. This is a conundrum for the "Curious Column."

—Two hundred and twenty-eight was the total return of the prisoners roll last week, there ought to be at least twenty officers raised out of them if all are properly looked after and nursed and employed.

—Old Richmond heads the visiting, Capt. Sharp made 111 calls in 22½ hours. Brockville comes next, 120 visits in 36½ hours, Brussels, St. John, N. B., Carleton, Temple and Perth have all done good work, and as rule there is great improvement in the visiting.

—The Divisional returns of the Converts Scheme come in very slowly and the information is very scanty, there is nothing startling noted since our last mention of them. No doubt it will take a few weeks to get it into perfect running order, but we are believing.

The "Sub" has been singing "Oh it is glory" to the tune of "Keep on doing it" all week, another increase of station reports and none rejected. The "waste basket" will have to have a new suit of crape, as its occupation is all but gone.

The Man on the Top of the Ark.

A PARABLE.

"While the Ark was a preparing."

It wanted just ten days of the time when Noah said the Flood was to come. There he was—a stately, noble-looking, brave man—and his three sons. You could see they were his sons, though each had a well-marked face of his own, and none of them looked so grand as their old father. They were hard at work putting the last coat of pitch on the huge vessel they had been building so long—some on ladders plying big brushes, some bringing the pitch hot from the cauldron.

Many people were coming and going all day. A wedding-party were rather casual, casting in bits of mocking pity at the busy men, and shouting rude jokes such as "No signs of rain yet, old friend!" But the greater number took no notice at all, never looked at the Ark even; for they lived near, and had got accustomed to the thing and tired of it long ago.

Some, however, stopped and talked; two men particularly. One of them was a strong comely person, with no signs of levity or dissipation about him, in the prime of some four hundred years. You could not say as much for the other man, who was older, and had a keen, knowing look. This man arrested Ham on his way from the cauldron to one of the ladders with a pot of warm pitch.

"Still working, I see—as if that thing was to be of any use! The thing is nearly up that your father spoke about, but his fearful prophecies don't seem any nearer coming true."

"But they may, for all that," said Ham.

"They may!" repeated Jubal mockingly. "Haven't I told you a dozen times it's manifest nonsense? All things continue as they were from the foundation of the world. The sun rises and sets regularly, and so does the moon. The seasons come and go just as they always did. Babies are born every day, and old men die sometimes. Do you expect us to believe all is to be upset next week, because your father says he had a vision about it?"

Noah heard. Turning half round on his ladder, and looking with a calm, earnest face at Jubal, he said, "Who made the sun and moon? Who gives the seasons? Who sends life and death? He is the holy and living One who set His bread on Cain. If He threatens to destroy sinners, and offers to save all who come in here, I think you had better take Him at His word, my friend, and come."

"No, not I. You are a good-natured family. Good evening;" and so Jubal went on his way whistling.

But Irad, the younger man, remained, and said, "There is something in what you and Ham say. Yes, it may be true. The God who made can destroy."

"He will destroy," said Noah in a low voice, but very solemnly.

"That's just what remains to be seen," said Irad, "I only admit it is of course quite possible. And it is in reason, too, that He should bring some judgment on careless sinners who offer no sacrifices and misspend the Sabbath."

"He will destroy everybody who does not come in the ark with us," said Shem. And Japhet added kindly, "There's room enough for thee, friend Irad come."

Irad went to the door and looked in. When he had marked all the arrangements for themselves and for the cattle he said, "Well, if it is a delusion, you believe it thoroughly; and if a flood does come, you will be safe enough there. Jubal and many worse than Jubel, would have been wise to take the chance. But I'm not like Jubal.

I have always been honest, like Jubal, and kept out of dissipation. You know I am as religious a man as yourselves. Enoch was a near relation of mine, you remember."

"Believe God, then, and come with us," said Noah.

"Scarcely, scarcely. Not yet, at any rate. I'll wait near, and see if the beasts come in as you say they will.

So Irad waited some days. He had many a talk with the busy workers; and if scoffers appeared, he rather took side against them with Noah and his sons.

. . . . . .

At length the beasts and birds, great and small, came. Then said Irad, "I have no doubt now that something is going to happen. But whether every single man who stays out of that big ark is going to be drowned is another matter. I won't believe that."

When the work was all finished, and the four men and four women had gone in, Irad noticed they did not shut the door. But sometimes one, and sometimes another, would stand and cry, "Come, Irad, come. Why stand and look? You are sure to perish like the rest if you don't. It is but a step. Come: come now, God is about to shut the door."

But Irad smiled. "Thank you all. I'm sure you mean well. But there's no fear of me, I have a plan of my own. If a righteous man like me was in go in, it would be all the same as saying I was as bad as any. I never was close-fisted, or lavish, or a mocker of parents, like some. I never was the worse of wine in my life, like others." (Those were intended for home-thrusts at his four friends.) "No, God is just, and I have nothing to fear. And if danger does come, I tell you I have a plan of my own. I'll stay near the ark. Thank you all again."

The great door began to swing on its hinges soon after that. Irad knew none of the men or women was near it, for he heard them praying at the time in another part of the building. He thought he saw a hand: the next moment the door was shut.

Irad did not feel so comfortable then. "I have nobody to talk to now, and I would rather talk to those worthy folk than listen to myself. If anything happens I cannot get in now: that's plain. But I never wanted to go in. When danger comes, either God will do something for me, or I can put my own plan in force."

Days passed, years ran, without much change. Then it did come in awful form—clouds, darkness, tempests, torrents of rain, roaring floods! No doubt now.

But God did nothing for Irad. "Perhaps," thought he, "God intends me to be saved by this act just like the rest. Well, I shall be saved by it. How wise I was to stay beside it. How Noah will be astonished to see me as safe as himself when all is over."

So Irad climbed nimbly on the top of the ark by one of the ladders still stained with pitch.

The ark floated. Irad tried to be happy.

But first he grew cold; then he grew hungry. "If I had gone in, I would have had shelter, food and company. Fool that I was, since I have to be saved by this ark, not to go inside."

Soon worse thoughts came. "But am I to be saved, after all? The water is rising still. There is not a speck of land to be seen. I am faint with cold and hunger. Ah! these swollen corpses floating about my feet. Hark!

"A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

I am lost. How safe and happy are those inside. There is a raven; it is waiting for my flesh. . . . . How shall I answer God? After all, was I quite so good a man as I thought? At the best I cannot say He has been unjust, for He will answer, 'Why did you not believe Me, and go in?'"

Then the hoarse croak of the raven sounded like "Late—too late."

"I count all things but loss, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having my own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith."

WAR NOTES

Forward is still the word West, a message just to hand from D.O. Young says that a hall has been secured as Vancouver B.C., and that active operations will commence on Sunday, Dec. 16th.

The Montreal opening was a success beyond all anticipation, tremendous crowds inside and out, a good reception, munificent collections and fifty souls saved. The ticket "War Cry" was understood all round. Also very special reports.

There was one drawback in the Montreal affair in the shape of the illness of Capt. Ted Young. Although not native born Capt. Young has become a thorough Canadian and his being laid aside will be a severe loss to his corps and comrades. Everybody pray for his speedy restoration.

The Ottawa Barracks is making rapid advances, and is expected to be ready for opening early in the year.

Staff-Capt. Simcoe is in very poor health at present. Her husband, Capt. Simcoe, has just arrived from England, and will assist in the French work.

Montreal in future will be the Training Home for the French legion, a sufficient force being left in Quebec. The Commissioner returns in a few days to inaugurate the Montreal home.

Capt. Sellers, who has done good service in England, has just arrived, and it is expected that she and Captain Steele, of Picton, will shortly settle a little matrimonial affair on Hallelujah lines. This is a relapse of the four, but we don't hear of any more alarming symptoms as yet. Some are believing, of course.

Major Margetts has started for a tour through the Newfoundland District.

Adjutant (Happy Bill) Coopor is in a very unsatisfactory state of health, and has been granted a three months furlough to visit England. Everyone loves Bill, let all pray for his return to us in perfect health.

The devil has evidently found out that advertisement is the life of business, and of course there are journals who are sufficiently far down to admit his "puffs" when it pays. A Palmerston journal after some disparaging remarks on S. A. meetings which it has visited twice in two years, winds up by calling on the boys of the town "in all earnestness to shun the barracks," this, of course, means frequent the bar-room, and this is where the "advertisers in.

Of course it is a Scott Act town, and some four or five ex-tavern keepers are Salvation Soldiers in that district. But still there are bar-rooms and liquor left. WAR SCRIBE.

SOME PATCHES

From the Training Home Quilt.

—At our Lombard Street meeting a woman used two pails of water, a pane of glass, and a lot of stones to convince us that we should move on. Still we sang:

"Our lassies are determined to let the people see
We never will give over, we'll never run away."

—A wall of fire was around us, no one was hurt, and the sinners got all the water. As one lassie warned sinners of the judgement the words seem to burn into the soul of a young man, who backed out of the ring and ran off as fast as possible.

—The boys from the Fire Hall and some dudes offered to protect us, but the Lord is our strength and shield. One woman got blessedly saved; she knew very little of salvation. Her prayer was, "Lord, take the drink away and make me good."

—"Buy a WAR CRY, please?" "No, thank you." "Say, I can find something better for you to do than that. There is a lady up here wants a hired girl. Will you go?" "No, thank you. I am serving a good Master."

—The S. A. makes something out of everything. Some boys got a furnace boiler and banged it during our open-air. One lassie captured it, and we used it both for a drum and a pulpit. Result—a big crowd, and a good shot at the devil.

—A very tony old gentleman enjoyed the privilege of keeping order for us. He seemed to appreciate the position very much. God bless him!

—"Left! right! left!" said some dudes as we marched along. Yes, glory to God! we are right. And although they were left, they can get right through the Blood.

—"Buy a War Cry, sir?" "How much for the seller" he inquisitively asks. "The seller is not for sale sir, she has been bought by the precious Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, which can cast the evil spirit out of you" was the ready reply of the T. H. lass.

—"Will you buy a War Cry?" "No thanks!" from a dude very much horified. "Don't be afraid sir, the religion of the Saviour is very simple, you will be able to understand the rudiments." The dude cleared.

—A sister of charity who "didn't buy newspapers" was asked if she was saved. The look of scorn she gave in reply didn't fit a saved face.

—Two lasses bombarded a police-station, the chief and his assistant were urged to prepare for judgment, and the lasses had a long talk with their Father on their knees. The chief was very kind and polite and said he would be glad of the Salvation which made the lasses so happy, and would be pleased for them to call again. They'll go, sure!

—The great feature of the meetings at Montreal was the love and unity of all comrades present. This is as it should be great blessings are always gained when we bear each others burdens.

—Captain Young of Montreal I, is very sick and has been all through the downstairs. The last we heard of him was that he had a sinner at his bed side crying to God for mercy, and the Captain was using his little strength to help him through.

Souls were saved at every meeting at Montreal opening, and some between the meetings as well. A poor fellow came broken-hearted to the corner while the boys were sweeping up, and as soon as he got inside he was crying for mercy. A gentleman remarked very truly that there was a hallowed influence about the place.

Mr. Douglas a minister of the Methodist Church says, there are 700 houses of illfame in Montreal. The Great S. A. must awake and establish a Rescue-home in these parts; who will find the means and volunteer for the work?

Montreal has 1,200 saloons; that means plenty of drunks, and consequently plenty of work for the S. A. Already many of that stamp have been saved; the Lord save many more so that these front passages to hell may be closed up.

I heard Capt. Simcoe say that some years ago he wanted to be happy and freed from sin. So feeling his great need of Christ, he went to a divine, and after he had told his trouble the D.D. advised him to marry and settle down and all would be well. And when he went to the S. A. they told him his needed conversion, and he very soon found that put him right. Salvation is the great cure-all.

'I was much struck with the progress made by the French Training Home Cadets. Surely God is dispensing the gift of languages. Look out for a long march forward in the French war. Some new openings are being arranged.

The Battlements of Glory.

SUGGESTED BY A REMARK MADE AT THE LIPPINCOTT STREET, STONE-LAYING.

The battlements of glory!
How it thrills my very soul
To think that I the last of all, by Jesus,
blood made whole,
Shall stand upon those battlements
Where Christ Himself now stands.
With wondrous grace and lovliness by
Jesus' merit crowned.

The battlements of glory!
Are beauteous to behold!
But we must fight if we would stand upon
them to be crowned.
No soldiers save "we're victors,"
Until the battles' won.
So away to the fight for God and the right,
Christ will reserve your crown.

Before we reach those battlements
Sometimes the way is dark—
The cares and trials of daily life crowd on
us thick and fast;
But then the rays of God's own light
Shines on us wondrous clear.
Somehow it seems those battlements are
drawing very near.

On the battlements of glory.
As I there with Jesus stand;
The things I cannot know down here I
there shall understand,
And looking o'er the thorny paths
My trembling feet have trod,
I'll clearly see how every step just lead
me on to God.

CADET M. COOLEY, T. H.Q.

REVIEW.

"ALL THE WORLD"

For November.

"ALL THE WORLD" for the current month is just to hand, and we find in it a number of more than ordinary merit and interest, and it well sustains the great improvement that has marked the last few issues. To particularise as to the merit and interest of its some sixteen papers would be a task too difficult for us to undertake, all alike being full of that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," and breathing out that true Army spirit that appeals alike to the head and the heart of the reader. We notice with pleasure the La Marchale, E.S.S., Eileen Douglas, Fakir Tucker, and Mrs. Read, and other equally familiar names are all to the front, and that the work "all round" is characteristically represented.

There is a paper upon the "Canadian Anniversary" by our much-travelled friend, Mr. H. W. Fry, who just at present is amongst us, which also treats of our work generally and gives the impression of a visitor as to our work and standing. This, of course, will be doubly interesting to our comrades of the "Maple Leaf" and their large and varied circle of friends and helpers through the Dominion. We would suggest that all who are not already subscribers should send 10c. to Headquarters for the November number as a sample, and we feel sure that they will then readily become subscribers for the coming year.

—It was a "War Memories" meeting and the occasion was a Divisional "Big Go," said the D.O. "Captain —— will tell us how she is getting on in her station." She came to the front, and after thanking God for Salvation said, "We are getting wonderful victories at ——." When we went there four months ago things looked very dark, but by patient faithful hard work we have gained the victory. After the first three weeks souls began to come, sinners of all sorts are being saved, tavern-keepers and drunkards, poor lost girls and moralists, half-hearted people and lukewarm professors are all being brought to the Saviour, and filled and helped into the joys of full salvation. The people who doubted us have learned to love us and help us, and we are starting a brass band, and soon hope to have a Barracks of our own." That's a victory, thought we, and when we got home we said to the "Sub" "How often does Capt. —— of ——, send us a report?" He turned up the Register and replied, "We have received two reports in sixteen weeks." This is only one amongst many!

HOLINESS

A GOOD FOUNDATION.

W. CRANWELL BOOTH, (CHIEF OF STAFF.)

"Jesus, a word, a look from Thee
Can search my heart and make it clean;
Purge out the inbred leprosy,
And save me from the fatal sin."

1. When we tell of the glorious consequences of the incoming of the Sanctifier we are sometimes asked, what need for the Blood of Christ? In a state of blessedness in which sin is gone, what need of the precious Blood? *"The precious Blood of the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world is the foundation of the state itself."* Brave, in all things, whether struggling in lonely confidence with devils and darkness and wild beasts of the wilderness, or lifted up as an eagle wings to bask in the full sunlight of the Sun of Righteousness, all that we are, all that we have, and all that we hope for is by the Blood of Christ our Lord.

2. The precious Blood purifies, cleanses, purges. It was shed without stint, with lavish abundance and prodigality it was poured out to atonefor the sins of the whole world, and to purify the hearts and lives of the Soldiers of the Cross. It came into the world, and by it came purity, which includes (1) deliverance, not from sorrow, temptation, sickness, loss, trial, but deliverance from the power and guilt of sin; and (2) cleanness of heart and wholeness and health of soul—purity of motive, purpose and life. The great work of the Holy Ghost is to convince and convict of the great necessity of which God is to enlighten and instruct, the great work of the precious Blood is to *purify*.

"This is the ground of all our hope.
The precious bleeding sacrifice."

3. Thus when we say the precious blood is the foundation of the state of soul called the blessing of perfect love, or entire Sanctification, we mean that purity is the beginning of that state, that purity is the first realization, the first step, the first advance of that happy experience—it is the keystone—the foundation upon which the superstructure of a holy life, which shall include, perhaps, great sacrifices and suffering for others, may be built. *Purity.* If there is purpose by the Blood of Christ there will be love. If there is pureness there will be patience—joy—faith—gentleness—gentleness. There will be devotion—zeal—unfeigned love for souls. Purity will be the precious foundation stone on which will turn all else, no love could go into supreme love for God and man, and without which we are nothing. No wonder then that we smile when we are told we teach that we have got rid of need of the Blood. We, who love God first and most, we who glory in much more abounding grace we of all others need most and will feel most and the cleansing Blood.

4. It is admitted that the superstructure of which we spoke just now is most seen—gets most attention. But the foundation is none the less important because it may be out of sight. Most foundations do. The exercises of a holy life even will profit nothing if the mainspring be not clean and adjusted to it may be unacceptable to God if they are not clean, and, "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one." My comrade, your labour for souls, your witness to the Cross, your singing, and praying, and giving, and working proceed out of a clean heart. Let the fresh water flowing from a mountain made pure in its source, and they will be a glory both to God and you. Verily if they could not, without such a basis, if you build on any other foundation than this of purity through the Blood, your very building of good deeds, your sufferings for souls' sake, even if you gave all your goods to feed the poor, and your body to be burned, will fall down and destroy you in its ruin for ever. You cannot get a clean thing out of an unclean, and it is the clean God loves and wants.

5. We will beware of the supreme folly of substituting the building for the foundation or giving attention merely to the outward—deeds—words—works, to the neglect of the inward purity which must be before them. We will beware also of the folly, nearly as great, of contenting ourselves with the good foundation. Purity is the beginning—the coming in, but it is not the coming to the measure of the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus, it is not being conformed to the image of the Son, who was the Prince of Saviours, and who invites those who can bear it to fill up the measure of His suffering for a lost world. Give up being content with feeling, "I'm fully saved myself," and in considering that great gift of purity, remember your responsibility to use it, to build upon it what will stand the fire.

6. They that be whole need not a physician but they that are sick. It is the conviction of their sickness which drives them to the doctor. It is a deep consciousness of impurity which is the best preparation for purity. You feel what I say to be true—that no amount of effort can avail you without purity—and you feel that the impurities of a conscience clogged with dead works, of a heart tormented by unclean dispositions and sinful desires, are truly an unclean thing not of which you cannot bring a clean. How and where are you to be delivered?

At the Cross, where you first saw the light,
Where the burden of your heart rolled away,
'Tis there by faith—

You may apply the precious Blood—'tis there my Christ, this I ord, will purify your heart. If you dare put him to the test, let us kneel down and say to our God—

Lord, if Thou will I do believe
(And you know He will)
Thou dost the saving grace impart!
Thou dost!
Thou dost this instant!
Thou dost this instant now receive
And purify my heart!

"He Abideth Faithful."

BY AN ANCHORED SOUL.

The night was dark—not a star, not a ray of light to be seen. Out on the sea, faint and weary, my soul was tossed.

The waves seemed to dash in dark ever-increasing fierce rage over her; she seemed in have no power to rise and brave the waves. As the night darkened around, she felt as if she must sink beneath the waves. But, no! she could not sink, for close beside her was *One* who saw her anguish, who saw the struggles and conflicts of that lonely boat, and who was waiting, ready to put His strong arm beneath her and raise her up, when she should cease to struggle—and *trust*. Yes! a voice seemed uttered across the waters, *"He abideth faithful." Faithful*, despite her want of faith—faithful to every promise—FAITHFUL ever *faithful*.

Yes! *He* abideth; never changing, though all around may change; and not on that changed and shadowy sea. He was waiting, ready to put His strong arm beneath her, though in the darkness of the thick mists which gathered all around she was not the face of her beloved Master and heard not His voice, for she looked but at the waves, and heard but the howling of the wind.

But He had said that in that hour *He* would speak peace to my soul, and *He abideth faithful*. So now above the raging of the storm she hears Jesus still—still, yet powerful. "It is I, be not afraid" for I know all; I know as well as thou the anguish of this hour; for thee I passed through Gethsemane; for thee I suffered and died; and I call thee—THOU; all things (yes, though thou knowest not *now*, hereafter thou shalt know) shall work together for thy good.

My soul knew well that voice; it was the voice of one beloved, her *ever faithful* Lord. She turned, and there behind her, still and calm upon the waves, her Master stood.

"Lord, I *will trust*, and if it is Thy *will* that darkness still should last, I bend—*my will is Thine*."

He heard the faint and faltering utterance of my soul, and raised her till she stood upon the waves; then bade her walk with Him *on through the darkness*. Yes! all was darkness still; yet on the foaming billows at their feet the light of His own glory shone, making a path of silver light over the waters. He whispered—

"TRUST,"

and my faint soul, now strengthened by His strong arm, *did trust*.

On through the night He led her, until in the far East the first pale rays of dawn were seen. The howling winds were hushed to rest, the waves sank down, until at last my soul walked with her Master on a glassy sea, on which the first bright rays of the sun shone forth. And it seemed bright after the long dark night; but was it not the herald of the glorious day.

Then the Master's voice fell softly again on my soul,

"TRUST ON;

the morning dawns, and I will bring thee in thy desired haven, where thou shalt rest; because thy *will did bend to Mine*."

The night is over, has changed to day, and the full brightness of the Sun is shining on my soul.

REST, PERFECT REST.

My soul has dropped her anchor, found her rest, and the dark night has flown away. And He, who in His love and *faithfulness* was with her through the storm, is with her now, as I whisper still—

"Trust on; thou shouldst have trusted sooner, for *I do all things well*, and I am with thee." My soul has learnt her lesson; though she took all that long dark night to learn it is. Trust *Him*, give up thy will, cease struggling, and thou shalt also be guided into thy haven of rest.

An Officer's Query.

"NOBODY COMES OUT HERE."

Such is the remark often made by Officers as to their Sunday morning and Friday night Holiness meetings at old corps. And yet this remark is almost always followed by others which go to show that a good many people ought to come just there, and by publicly confessing past inconsistency, impurity, and indifference, get cleansed and filled and set on fire.

WAY DON'T THEY COME OUT?

Very likely many do not, if asked, would lay the blame on the Captain, who may really have shown a very poor example of Holy Living or devotion to God and souls. It won't do to confess that in the "War Cry." Officers must go and discuss it with Jesus, their Great Master, before whom they will not have to excuse or fall-by-and-bye. Mind you don't judge them!

It must indeed be more or less the fault of officers if nothing is altered by a Holiness meeting. But I think it may often be simply for want of a good enough aim. If everybody is allowed to come to such a meeting and simply enjoy it; if all the speaking and singing is just a flow of gladness, and everybody is let go comfortably, saying, "The blood of Jesus washes white as snow;" if all the time on Sunday morning passes in song and talk, and the people are trained to rush home to dinner at noon or so without any really troublesome prayer meeting; if nobody is at all put about when some comes out either Sunday or Friday, it is not likely that any great exertion should be done.

"Whom or what did you try to alter at your last Holiness meeting?"

When you go into a dinner meeting you are, I hope, determined to find out every sinner or backslider in the place, and get them either saved or restored, or made so miserable they can neither stay or keep away. Why not aim on the very same principle with your comrades in a Holiness meeting? You know there are a few who are not living and you know some of their defects. You have no need to speak of them in an unkind way in public, but why not get at them beforehand privately, and get to pray with and for them till the Lord opens their eyes and they resolve to come up and too the line? And then you can go to the meeting and ask God to help you speak so that they may not be driven away but helped into the fountain.

Nothing is more beautiful in the Army than the general readiness to confess faults, to come out and make a full surrender when the people get led to God. How is anybody likely to come if they are not led by somebody?

"There were only fifty at knee-drill last Sunday morning, when at least fifty more could and should have been there."

Well, it was because they did not care enough about their souls. They are too fond of their own ease, and they stopped in bed. If they are abroad ter it at eleven o'clock they may get where they can hear, but somebody with a loving heart goes to God for them at eleven o clock and asks Him to show them how cool they have got, and if they are prepared at once to come and get saved from all sin and laziness and filled with the Fire that won't let people be still, they will very likely dress and be on hand at the first. Let us go on praying and believing and pressing, very likely dozens and scores will come out and get burnt up as they never were before.

You cannot get many up to the week-night open-airs. Some really have not the chance to come or they would. But there are scores are many others who could come only that they are too busy with this world—their gardens, their music or something or no fond of sitting in the arm-chair, to come. Now why not get at them and show them it alone, and press them to come to the all-Holiness meeting, and resolve to get them themselves and the world really up and live for God in future? And then why not arrange with some who can speak to order especially to that point and say how God helps them to give themselves up running after evening to His war? Then with plenty of loving prayer and pressure surely some at any rate will give way, and only one straggler changed into a real blood-and-fire soldier will be something worth having a meeting for.

Hit somebody, and then somebody will come out. Sinners come out because they are hit. They are made to feel where they are wrong, and that it won't do to go on any more as they are; therefore they give up. And it will be just the same with your soldiers if you hit them in the same way.

Very likely some of those who most need to come don't come to the Holiness meeting at all. Then spare no effort to get them there some night, and have it arranged with some of the best soldiers, if possible, to come, to pray and trust especially for them, and if they don't come, to go to a body to see and pray with them at home.

You believe God has power to alter people in a moment so that they will be quite different to what they were? Then don't let meeting after meeting go, and the most unsatisfactory people go through just the same. It you make up your mind steadily what you want from, and to God about it, and then use every means to get it done at a certain place and time, it will be done.

People don't come out because nobody makes a dead set to get them out.

With plenty of love—fire—YOU—mind, and faithful prayer. Drop on them!

PECULIARS.

To be a peculiar people each individual of that people must certainly be a peculiar person. To be peculiar is to be something out of the ordinary. Anything or anybody is canonized according to the fact that it is like everything else, but when it is opposite or not like the ordinary then it is called peculiar and becomes the object of close inspection, admiration, or even criticism. A tree, for instance, that is unlike all others is called a peculiar tree, and then takes great notice of by those who come into contact with it. Even so it is with God's "Peculiar People."

"Jesus gave Himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

A friend likes the idea of what a "Peculiar People" should be—a people of whom it may be said, "They are purified from all iniquity."

There are a great many reasons why we should be such peculiar people. We shall be peculiar if we walk with God, for the world does not, do not, will not love Him. We shall be peculiar, for the world does not love His people. If we live in the world and live in love to those and in a great many more ways shall we be peculiar.

Those are the peculiar people who have severed themselves from the world and the things which are in it, whose hearts have been purified from all dross, and turned fully towards God. We have it stated in Lev. xx. 26, "And ye shall be holy unto me, for I the Lord am holy, and have severed you from other people that ye should be mine." Severed from all people and themselves made holy by an inward work, there was nothing left but what would make them turn towards God.

When God and man's heart is perfectly united it is like the two instrument at each end of the telegraphic wire. When one moves the other corresponds with it. When God's will is made manifest the holy heart responds fervently "Amen." No wonder that holy men did such strange things and were successful in it. God knew they were men whom He could give any command to, and their hearts would immediately obey him.

St. Paul says, "Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting Holiness in the fear of God." Having such precious promises, how can we even think from seeking their fulfilment when they bring with them such blessedness? A man cleansed from all that filthiness of the flesh and spirit will be a perfect one, one in whom God will dwell, and make His temple. His heart and soul will have been so regulated as to be able to keep time with God's commands.

Josiah was a specimen of this particular holy life and walk. It is recorded, "And like unto him was there no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might, according to the law of Moses." His entire heart was turned towards God and the keeping of His laws. He loved God with all his might, and therefore was a peculiar, differing even from all the ordinary servants of God.

Blessed be God for the glorious opportunity of us being able to lead a saintly life on earth. How much do we talk and think of the "peculiar people" who lived these holy lives without considering that the promises which they claimed are promises to us.

Why are we not claiming all that which Christ gave Himself up to obtain for us? "Not having spot or wrinkle" is the mark.

Don't let us live below it then, "but as He which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation, because it is written, Be ye holy, for I am holy."

Weighed and Found Wanting.

D. O. SADDS.

I am convinced that there are hundreds of people—very moral—who are not drunkards, not swearers, not adjust in their dealings with those around them, and would scorn the idea of anything mean or low, and yet are not saved—have not a knowledge of sins forgiven, and can never go or heaven unless a change is wrought by God in their hearts. If you tell a poor drunkard he is wrong, he will say, "Yes, I know it," but talk to the moral man and he will tell you he is as good as others.

I remember a few years ago a friend of ours coming in a great hurry to our quarters to ask us to go and visit a dying woman. She said the minister of the church she had attended had just left for a few hours' rest; he had been there all night and half of the day, trying in every part her to Christ, but all to vain. I put on my cap and hurried down; and I hope I may ever forget what I saw for my own benefit. As soon as I entered the front door radness and gloom seemed written on everything. The terrible silence, the frightened look on the poor daughter's face, the neglected appearance of everything was terrible. I entered as quietly as possible, and followed the woman who led the way up the narrow flight of stairs, and was shown into the front bedroom. The blinds were pulled down, as the poor creature could not stand the light. There by the bedside sat her poor broken-hearted husband; he had not had his clothes off for three weeks, and was nearly broken-hearted over his wife's condition. The vacant, hollow stare of the poor woman seems to haunt me now. I went to the bedside and asked her how she was. She could not for I had come to point her to Jesus. A terrible smile passed over her face as she said—

"YOU ARE TOO LATE, SIR."

"Too late for what?" I said. "Jesus is here, I have known all about it for years, and that makes my hell, because I have not given my heart to God." "Yes then a busy, loving heart to understand its mother's woe, began to cry. Then the mother lifted her hands, and cried, "My children! my children! my children! I must part with them forever." Turning to her husband she said, "John, I charge you to look after our children." Tell them how their mother died. Tell them that I have given my heart to God, and that they must never come where I am going, till then I want to church, rented a sitting, took the sacrament, was baptized, but died without God after all. Oh! is it not awful, if God would only spare me a few minutes that I might go into the streets and tell my neighbours was a terrible thing it is to die without God." She continued, "My father died a Christian and went to heaven, so did mother, but I am going into eternity and have no one to meet me there. What shall I say when I get to hell, going from church to hell. Oh! with I had never lived." She lived till the next morning, the minister spent the second day with her, and then went on to those and in a great many more ways shall we be peculiar.

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GOD OR SELF.

"SHARAN."

I have often heard professing Christians talk about having "more of God and less of self, or as it is sometimes phrased a big God and a little I." I heard an officer the other day say that some people like the idea of a "big I and little God" but that should I not be so, it should be reversed. In this time I made the remark that it should be "All of God and none of I, or self." Perhaps there are some readers of the War Cry that are in this condition. You say, well I go to meetings two or three times on Sunday and attend regularly through the week, I have prayers twice or perhaps three times a day, I live a moral life, I pay a hundred cents on the dollar, and so forth, I love my neighbour, I have no grudge against anybody, I am a good wife or husband, I am a good parent, or I treat my parents and seniors with due respect, I give liberally to all charitable institutions and do all that lays in my power to promote all good causes, in fact my life is all that a moral professing christian's life should be. Surely God does not require more of me. You watch the life of such a one and you will see that the aim and object in this world is

"SMALL COD, BIG I."

They try to go on with the world in one hand and God in the other, they want to gratify this little desire and the "no harm" devil is always round to give "his advice," Oh, there's no harm in it. Such was the answer I received a short time ago in conversation with a relative. He was trying to argue that to have a little smoke would give him company, and that as long as his every motive, looked over the page day and brought himself face to face with God and asked Him to bless all the good and right done, and pardon and forgive all that was "left undone that ought to have been done," and that which was done that ought not to have been done," there could be no wrong in such little things as this. After a little conversation he admitted that smoking was only a habit and the pipe an idol, but "there is no harm in it." He said that tobacco grew and was made by God as well as potatoes, apples or any other vegetable or fruit, but said I, "can you ask God's blessing on it: the same as you could on the food you eat even if God did make both." He was forced to admit that it was only a habit, the devil's lease, the neglected appearance of everything was terrible. I entered as quietly as possible, and followed the woman who led the way up the narrow flight of stairs, and was shown into the front bedroom. The blinds were pulled down, as the poor creature could not stand the light. There by the bedside sat her poor broken-hearted husband; he had not had his clothes off for three weeks, and was nearly broken-hearted over his wife's condition. The vacant, hollow stare of the poor woman seems to haunt me now. I went to the bedside and asked her how she was. She could not for I had come to point her to Jesus. A terrible smile passed over her face as she said—

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ALL OF GOD AND NONE OF SELF.

Every gratitude never says—I have done enough.

Great hearts, like the ocean, never freeze.

SOME FOLKS.

Some folks put on the uniform and wear it for awhile,
And then you see them back again rigged up in worldly style;
But these are not the people who are going to win the day,
But those who to their colors stick and never run away.
If asked to give the reason for this change in their attire,
They seldom attribute it to lack of blood-and-fire;
But Brother B—— said something which they don't consider right,
And therefore they don't feel disposed with Brother B—— to fight.
Or someone they heard testify they now hear has gone wrong,
So really they don't care to be mixed up with such a throng.
They' saved as much, or more, as those who seek a lot profess,
But their religion's in their heart, it isn't in their dress.
Or, perhaps they had a notion that my life is all that a moral professing christian's life should be. Surely God does not require more of me. You watch the life of such a one and you will see that the aim and object in this world is

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A KNEE-DRILL VICTORY.

SERGEANT GURNEY, GRANDON.

The church of which I was a member did not teach conversion, much less sanctification, and the way in which I was converted was by dropping into another church on a Sunday evening, and hearing straight Salvation preached. In the prayer meeting which followed, I gave God my heart. I had been converted four months when the ... sol in our town, and during that time had been struggling along in darkness and doubt. The officers knew of my backsliding for a week, the spirit led me to be a Soldier, but my pride, friends, reputation, church and Sunday school close stood in the way. What would my friends say and do if I joined the Salvation Army? I was alright in the church looking after my class; I attended the holy communion, went to church regular, what more could I do, and what could God do with me in the Salvation Army? With these thoughts to my mind I went on for a month, but had no peace in my soul. One Sunday morning I got up early and went to the knee-drill, and for the first time in my life heard sanctification preached. Oh, I longed to be able to stand up and testify that I had a clean heart, and that the Blood of Jesus Christ cleansed me from all sin, and to be able to live without condemnation.

Next Sunday morning found me at knee-drill again, learning more about sanctification. How I longed in my soul for the experience that I heard others tell of in their testimonies. Of course the devil was busy all this time telling me I would not be able to keep sanctified, that I would surely fall into sin, as I was then doing every day. However, next Sunday found me at knee-drill again, and on the invitation being given, I with a number of others went to the penitent form. While on my knees God showed me plainly that I must give up all and become a soldier, before he would give me the blessing which I craved. Must I really give up all before this point of great price could be mine? Yes came the answer. I could not let go all, one idol that was near and dear to my heart I clung to. But the misery and anguish of soul was so great that I could stand it no longer. With the Captains persuasion, I attended the Soldier's meeting, and then and there gave my all to God. Everything was laid on the altar, self, time, friends, talents, and earthly store, all, all, all, everything was laid at the feet of him who was waiting to bless me, and receive me from all sin. In faith I received the blessing, but was not conscious of any feeling. With upraised hand, with the Soldiers, I sang

I will take Thee my Saviour,
Thou hast shed Thy blood for me,
And though at our world breaks Thee,
By Thy grace I will follow Thee.

For a month I confessed sanctification, although I had no inward witness, but before going to a classmeeting on a Sunday, the Lord filled my soul with glory, and since then it has been my delight to tell whenever and wherever I could of the wonderful love of my Saviour. After seven months experience as a Soldier of the Salvation Army, I have proved that His grace is sufficient for all things. No doubts and fears about falling away, for by His grace I follow.

The way has been dark, and the fighting tough, but with my hand in His, He has carried me through. Since consecrating myself to God, He has abundantly blessed and used me in bringing many precious souls to the dear Saviour. It is good to be emptied of self and pride, it is good to have a clean heart, it is good to be able to march and testify on the street corner for Jesus, to know that you belong to God, that His guiding and dearest every step you take, to be filled with the Holy Spirit, and to walk in heavenly places with Him Who has redeemed us, and by whose blood we are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that we should show forth the praises of Him Who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light.

A DREAM, YET TRUE.

CADET HOUSE, F. T. H.

I don't believe in dreaming. Usually when I hear any one telling some wonderful dream, I come to the conclusion that they have been indulging in a hearty supper, and so their slumbers were disturbed by dreams. But with all my incredulity I have had a few which have made a great impression on me. One afternoon lately tired and weak, I lay down to rest, and dropping asleep, dreamed. I stood in my dream at the door of a room watching the movements of the occupants. Seated at a table, on which was placed a substantial meal, was a man, at his right hand stood a waiter, seemingly urging him to partake of the food on the table. On the other side stood another looking to his hands a tray filled with beautiful dishes and flowers arrayed very tastefully, pleasing to the eye indeed, but so strange it seemed, as I looked into the dishes there was not a single item of food in any one of them—beautiful but empty. As I stood and watched the man as he hesitated, seemingly undecided which to take, in my ears sounded the words. "Wherefore do ye spend your money for that which is not food, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?"

As I heard these words it looked no longer strange to me. I wakened to think it over again and again, and as I thought there arose up before my mind a busy hurrying crowd I had seen on a city street. Bright faces, restless movements, gay, giddy laughter, lust from the eyes, the windows of the soul, shines forth the hunger, the longing, that makes them born from every new joy, though it be the slowest the world can afford, with a sick, tired heart, only to rush on, urged onward by that nameless haunting hunger of soul after something to fill its God given capabilities. The tray is their's, pleasing, alluring to the eye, beautiful but empty dishes, no food for the poor perishing soul within. The devil is ever standing by them with promises of better things ahead, promises that never can be fulfilled.

Oh you that have been brought to see that the tray is empty of food, and have turned from it to seek from the Father's table. The cry for help to point them to the marriage supper of the Lamb, goes out to you. They are first waiting for someone to tell them of it, for someone to invite them to come and partake of it, in the joy of their souls. Look around your own home, your own city or town as it may be. The majority of the people are unsaved. Oh, realize it for a moment. Just cover your eyes and look aloand to the Judgment bar. Those are your friends, your neighbours you have lived and worked among all your life, and some of them on the left hand side doomed to an eternity of woe, with the lost. Have you ever invited them to come to Jesus? Have you ever taken them by the hand and plead with them to flee from the wrath to come, or will you stand there knowing you have never tried to win them to Jesus.

The devil's agents do not hesitate to invite anyone to partake with them in the pleasures of the world. They are ever ready to invite their neighbors to come along and have a drink with them. Why should not you and I be just as ready to invite them to come and have a drink at the fountain. I heard one say once, I could stand off the preaching in the world, but when Captain ——— came and took me by the hand and asked me to come to Jesus I could not stand that, I had to yield. And many to-day, I believe, are hesitating between the world and God, the tray and the table, when a gentle pleading word would turn the tide in favor of the Lamb of God.

Will you be God's wailer, ever ready to win the doubtful, hesitating ones to come to the feast of the Lamb. God bless you. If we are all faithful to the little opportunities the marriage feast shall not want for guests.

Wake-Ups for Workers!

—A holy soul is a busy soul.

—Tell a sanctified soul that he is careful it has no work, and you condemn it to eternal punishment.

—Sanctification makes souls energetic. What are you?

—Sanctification means more than consecration, forgetfulness of the world, or discipline; it means work. Are you a worker?

—God wants more looking into this dark places of earth, and less gazing up into heaven.

—It is good to have a full salvation, but it is yours to distribute.

—Immortality itself would be intolerable, if it were not for the immortality of good influences.

—"The River of God is full of water." Is your life a channel through which its overflow reaches men.

—There is an immortality of work as well as of the soul.

—Good deeds never die, spiritual influences are infinite and bear fruit forever.

—Don't work for a converts roll or a report form or a reputation as a worker, but seek rather the everlasting fruit of holy energy.

At S——, over twenty souls came out for deliverance from inbred sin; and of course they found that the best way to get delivered from it is to take the inside bread away from it, to leave it an empty cupboard in the heart, and let it die of starvation.

SONGS

Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.

1 Jesus Only.

BY D. O. BAUGH.

TUNE :—"When He cometh to make up His Jewels."

Jesus only, Jesus only
Can give you salvation ;
Jesus only, Jesus only
Can save you from sin.

CHORUS.

Jesus only can save you,
Can cleanse or baptize you ;
Jesus only can keep you,
Look only to Him.

Jesus only, Jesus only,
When round you shall gather
Clouds and darkness, hours of sadness
Just tell it to Him.

Jesus only, Jesus only,
In seasons of brightness,
Let your pleasure and your treasure
Be centred in Him,

Jesus only, Jesus only
When life is declining ;
Jesus only, Jesus only
When death is at hand.

Jesus only, Jesus only,
While sweeping to glory ;
Jesus only, Jesus only
Before the bright Throne.

2 Fighting for the Lord.

BY CAPT. MRS. SAGE.

TUNE :—"Happy in the Lord."

We are in the Army of the Lord,
Fighting, fighting, fighting ;
We use the Spirit and the sword
Fighting for the Lord.

CHORUS.

Fight on, comrades, fight on,
Watch on, pray on, (repeat)
Fight on, comrades, fight on,
Fight on for the Lord.

Though oft the fight may be severe,
Fighting, fighting, fighting,
He's promised ever to be near,
Fighting for the Lord.

We've proved He is a faithful friend,
Fighting, fighting, fighting ;
And know He'll keep us to the end
Fighting for the Lord.

Our fighting here will soon be o'er,
Fighting, fighting, fighting ;
Then we shall rest forever more,
Fighting for the Lord.

Then comrades in the war be true,
Fighting, fighting, fighting ;
And fight beneath the red and blue,
Fighting for the Lord.

3 If I Only Could.

"LUTHER."

TUNE—"Uncle Ned."

There are Soldiers that I know
In the corps at so-and-so,
(And yoo may have seen some like them I will grant ;)
If they're asked to do something,
May be testify or sing,
They are ready to reply at once "I can't,

CHORUS.

"If I only could, but you knew I can't,"
Is what you often hear the deaf'ner say,
They "couldn't if they would,"
Or they "wouldn't if they could,"
So they're kept in the "dumps" all the way.

Now, there's temper and there's pride
And a dozen things besids,
That are robbing lots of people of their power;
And they haven't any peace,
For they cannot get release,
And they're under condemnation every hour.

Then there's the uniform,
And the knee-drill Sunday morn,
And the marches every night throughout the week ;
And there's WAR CRY to be sold,
(But I could'nt be so bold,
And I never to a drunkard could speak.)

God is calling for the FIRED
Many who will never yield,
Just because they cannot trust in Him for all.
If they'd only give the doubt
To the devil, and come out,
God would help them whate'er might befall.

4 Over the River.

BY CAPT. J. JONES, FOREST.

Tune—"Where is my wandering boy."

When we get safe to that other shore,
Where all is peace and love,
We'll sing God's praises for ever more
With all the saints above.

CHORUS.

Then we will shout and sing,
And make all heaven ring,
Just over the river the river of death,
We shall meet our loved ones again.

There are some on the beautiful shore to-day,
Who are waiting and watching for me.
I promised them while they were passing away,
We would meet by the crystal sea.

We shall be just like Jesus there,
We shall see Him face to face,
No sickness can enter that city fair
Oh what a beautiful place.

5. A Warning Word.

BY A TRAINING HOME LASS, TORONTO.

TUNE—"Peacefully Slumber."

Carlessly wandering, nor seeking for rest,
Closing thine eyes to thy souls' dark distress,
Treading the downward path that leads unto Hell,
There, with the demons in darkness to dwell.

CHORUS.

For you there is cleansing in the Blood.

'Tis now, the time to be saved from your sin ;
Say, won't you let the dear Saviour come in.
Oh! He so tenderly is calling to thee.
Accept this salvation so boundless and free.

Oh turn, sinner turn, to your Saviour and friend,
And be will then lead you safely on to the end ;
And when any evil into thine heart shall stray,
Jesus Himself, shall wash the guilt all away.

Oh we are happy who live for the Lord ;
We share in the joy that this world can't afford.
Doubting or fear cannot cause us distress,
While we cling close to the Saviour our rest.

6. Mine and His.

BY LIEUT. B. WARRINGTON, PETERSBORO'.

TUNE—"At the Cross, at the Cross."

On Calvary's tree, my Saviour died
That from sin I might be free.
His Blood was shed, the debt is paid,
And 'twas all for you and me.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord,
We are happy and free ;
For our hearts are washed whiter than snow.
The old devil's turned out
So no wonder we shout,
As marching to glory we go.

Oh boundless love, so vast, so pure,
More than human tongue can tell.
His praise I'll tell to all around ;
For He hath done all things well.

Oh blissful thought that Christ is mine,
To know that I am His,
Gives me a joy so rich and sweet ;
Far above all earthly bliss,
He will now bestow, on the high and low
His grace so rich and free.
So come to Him now, to the Saviour bow
And peace He will give unto thee.

HOLINESS.

7 Freedom, Peace and Power.

BY CADET HOUSE, P. E. I.

TUNE—"They tell me there are dangers."

They tell me there is freedom
From these doubts and fears within ;
And they tell me of a Fountain
That will cleanse me from all sin.

CHORUS.

I am coming now, my Saviour,
With my fear and doubt and sin ;
Leaving all that would displease Thee,
This one priceless gift to win.

They say peace, like a river
With its never-ceasing flow,
Jesus gives to those who trust Him,
And that I this peace may know.

I have heard them speak of power—
The power of the Holy Ghost,
That can make God's weakest servant
Stronger than a mighty host.

Here I leave my life's ambition,
Here I leave myself and pride ;
Henceforth I shall know but Jesus,
He my every step shall guide.

8 The Voice of Jesus.

BY A. SHEFFIELD, TORONTO II.

TUNE—"Oh! speak."

Dear Saviour, I know thou art mine,
The witness I now have within ;
My only ambition down here
Is to be ever doing Thy will.

CHORUS.—"Oh, speak," etc.

I am waiting, dear Lord, at Thy feet,
I am listening to hear Thy sweet voice,
Thy word of command I'll obey ;
In the cross I have learned to rejoice.

I want, dearest Lord, to abide
Just where I can learn more of Thee ;
At Thy feet I can best understand
The words Thou dost speak unto me.

Dear saviour, I now hear Thy voice,
It is sweeter than music to me ;
In Thy strength I go forth to fulfil
The promise I now make to Thee.

9 I Have Chosen the Cross!

BY THE SWEDISH CADET.

TUNE :—"I'm the child of a King!"

My Saviour did die upon Calvary's tree,
He bore all that suffering and anguish for me ;
The mocking and scoffing He meekly endured,
And perfect, through suffering, Salvation secured !

CHORUS.

I have chosen the cross !
I have chosen the cross !
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I have chosen the cross !

And when in my sins I His pardon refused,
His offer of mercy and love leug abused,
With pitying love He did still plead with me,
His love broke my heart, and His power set me free.

My Saviour, Thy love doth my heart so constrain
That true to Thy Cross I will henceforth remain !
To suffer with Thee, oh, 'tis joy to my heart;
From Thee, oh, my Saviour, I never will part !

Now Saviour, for strength I am coming to Thee—
Thy strength, oh, dear Jesus, make perfect in me ;
I cling to Thy Cross, and Thy suffering I choose,
I'm willing for others my own life to lose !

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

PROMOTIONS.

Lieut. Mary McLean of Victoria Corner, N. B., to be Captain at Sackville, N. B.

Cadet Jarvis of Victoria Corner, N. B., to be Lieut. at Sackville, N. B.

Cadet Susan Donnelly of Sussex, to be Lieut. at St. John, N. B.

Cadet Annis Stoneam of New Castle, N. B., to be Lieut.

Cadet Lizzie Sugg of Training Home, Toronto, to be Lieut. at Georgetown, Ont.

Private Thos. Collins and wife of Toronto 4th, to be Cadet-Capts. at Meaford.

Jessie Boyter of Peterboro', to be Cadet at Cannington.

Minnie McKenzie of Halifax, N. S., to be Cadet at St. George, N. B.

Thos. H. Leavett of St. John, N. B., to be Cadet.

Alder V. Boyer of Woodstock, N. B., to be Cadet.

Charlie Lewis of St. John's Newfoundland, to be Cadet.

Henry M. Snow of St. John's, Newf'd., to be Cadet.

A. O. Beins of St. John's, Newf'd to be Cadet at Parkhill.

Edwin Foisit of Chatham, Ont., to be Cadet at Parkhill.

T. B. COOMBS,
COMMISSIONER.

Headquarters:
Salvation Temple,
Toronto, Ontario.

WAR CRY

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1887.

THE MONTREAL DEDICATION.

Beyond a doubt the success that has attended the Dedication Festival of the New Barracks and Training Home at Montreal has been the most complete that has ever attended the Army's doings in the eastern part of the Dominion, and all that were privileged to be present are unanimous in their expression of delight and gratification, not only at the success of the meetings, and the Salvation of souls, but also to the kindness and cordiality with which they were everywhere received by all classes of the citizens. Of course there were here as every where else a few silly people who as usual had to extinguish themselves by there insane jokes at the visitors expense, but upon the streets, in their hall, and in their parades the Salvationists were received with marked respect, and the hospitality of our many friends in the Commercial capital was prodigally lavished upon them. All this is very gratifying and a source of extreme thankfulness, and plainly demonstrates the fact that the S. A. in Montreal as well as in most of the other great cities of our land, has won its way to public respect and esteem, not only by its patience under trials, and perseverance under difficulties, but more than all by the glorious fruits and genuine victories, its grand old message of "Salvation, pure and good will" has achieved amoogst the downcast and almost lost and forgotten of its populace. Next week we hope to give graphic illustrated reports of the proceedings which marked this very gratifying and successful opening week.

OTTAWA STONE-LAYING

Not a whit behind the Commercial Capital comes the Imperial City. The stone-laying ceremonial and council there have been blessedly enjoyed by all present, and the city and division have been uplifted and re-energised. The welcome and interest of the citizens here was in no degree less cordial than that of the busy crowds on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and the need and success of the S.A. work is none the less felt and acknowledged. Like Montreal there have been lots of stormy times in Ottawa, but

in the one place as the other, doubt, misunderstanding, and bigotry are fast disappearing before the warm rays of sanctified sphere and a more splendid theatre of endurance, and the, clear bright light of action, we came to the front and entered consistent lives. The Ottawa and the field. And we may be sure that whit-Montreal reports bid fair to make a more ever we have attained to as soldiers or as than ordinary interesting issue next week. servants of men, whatever victories we have gained as leaders of the hosts and warriors for the glory of God, under His grace we are indebted for all to the Officer who urged us to work, and to the work we learned to love so well, that its set apart for us to do.

NEW RULES.

We notice that in certain quarters the secular newspapers are making a great hub-bub about what they are pleased to call the new rules of the Salvation Army. Of course like a good many of these tea-pot tempests which our outside friends are somewhat prone at times to endeavour to excite there is nothing in it at all of a substantial nature. As a fact there have no new rules been promulgated and there have been no new ceremonies urged or indulged in. No one has been asked to make any pledges or subscribe to any conditions that have not been binding and understood since the first name was ever submitted to a Guardian Roll, and what have been understood, and for the most part acted upon in every properly officered and regulated corps. To-day as in the past the Salvation Soldiers enjoy both in letter and spirit the most perfect liberty of conscience, thought, speech and action of any organization secular or religious existant under the broad canopy of illimitable space. We cannot however but feel gratified as well amused at the interest some of our contemporaries take in our internal affairs, and although they do in almost every instance, for want of making enquiries in the proper quarter we presume, get hold of erroneous information, we heartily sympathise with them in their endeavours to preserve the original platform of an institution which for its work's sake they have learned to value and appreciate with such a jealous care. For their comfort however we would assure them that the old ship remains at its original anchorage, and rides gallantly over the billows of troublous times as ever fast moored to the rock of true Liberty and immutable Truth.

WHEREFORE ANY LACK?

A WORD TO CANADIAN OFFICERS.

"And you shall lead my people forth."

Two weeks ago we laid before our comrades in the Dominion a few thoughts in regard to the present great need for valiant leaders for the fight, and urged upon their consideration their own privileges and responsibilities in the matter. However, we are well aware that to this as well as to other questions, there is another side; and although we are firmly of the opinion that a great responsibility rests upon the shoulders of our comrades in the various Corps, yet we feel convinced that the Officers all round are very much implicated in a lack of candidates, if lack there be. There can be very little doubt that after all the Corps is the great training ground of the Cadet. How many of us can look back to the earlier days of our soldiering, and realize that if it had not been for the patient, untiring energy of our first Officers our application would never have been written, or form would have remained unfilled, ourselves to-day would have still been in the ranks, our possibly "enjoying" a lugger-mugger Christian experience as a member of some respectable orthodox body; or more probable still, have been back to our wallowing amongst the hogs of sensuality or the vultures of moral society. How was it that we were brought to the front? Simply because we were developed, and because some one took the trouble to develop us. In our own idea, and probably in that of our comrades, we were as unlikely a subject as any in the Corps, but from the first moment when the Captain first touched our shoulder in the "open-air" and said, "Have a word," we began to work, and consequently we began to grow and develop.

It is not necessary here that we should trace our development—how by-and-bye we led the brigade, or hurried around with our WAR CRYS, or walked to the outpost, or kept the door, but we soon found out that in the spiritual, as in the natural, the great power to bring growth and happiness and strength was Work, and so we learned to love it, and longing for an enstand our spirit, and our standing at all. Many therefore seem to be enrolled with the idea that they may be sent to the front if they choose to apply, when the idea should be with them the same as with the soldier of the State, that they are pledged to go if found suitable and required, as no matter what cost, and no matter how contrary to worldly interest and the desires of the flesh.

This is a matter to the importance of which officers everywhere require to be very keenly alive—it is a vital principal—the key-stone to the arch of our Army system, and upon the officer who forgets, or neglects, or passes over this duty, there attaches a great and grave responsibility. We take it, in fact, that it is as much an officers duty to seek candidates as to seek souls, as much a part of their daily routine to make good candidates as to build up good soldiers. Let there be no mistake about this, we do not mean to coax and persuade and urge individual soldiers who may suit our idea, or enlist our sympathy, or attract our affection; but we mean to build up, to encourage, to employ all, and as God shall lead them out into devotion, earnestness, holy tact and power, so to offer the lights and the call to them.

Surely we require to look this matter squarely in the face. The future depends very much upon how we do our duty in this respect, our very existence as an Army, may more the very Salvation of our Dominion in the future depends on our faithful, earnest, patient, fulfillment of our trust. Soon, very soon, our responsibilities and our opportunities will alike have passed away, the very nature of our duties if properly performed with all our energy must naturally curtail the period of our action, it will be a sad and experience for any one of us if, when passing from the scene of action and leaving the bustle and din of the fight for the Soldiers rest, there shall lurk within our breast the conviction that the future is cramped, crippled, or jeopardised by any failure in us of duty in this respect.

We feel assured, however, of better things, and that all will hasten themselves to greater efforts in this respect, so shall they through nurture and development bring light and usefulness and power upon the future leaders of the host, take to themselves blessing and strength and satisfaction of soul, and through all bequeath a blessed legacy of light and salvation joy to thousands of hearts and homes in the generations yet to come.

THANKSGIVING DAY

MIRIAM.

"Praise ye the Lord. O, give thanks unto the Lord: for His good: for His mercy endureth forever."

How meet and right it is that there should be set apart this day of praise! Not that we should reserve our expressions of gratitude for particular times and places, for every day brings cause for thanksgiving, but once a year comes this day of special, public retrospection; when the people of God "forsake not the assembling of themselves together," uniting to "count their mercies," submerge their sorrows, and cheer one another with hope for the future.

To those who rejoice overmore, and to whom every day is one of thanksgiving, this season will be but a time of special blessing; but how many there are who seem to go when "duty bread" from the Unseen Hand without a thought of the gracious Giver of all good, rather taking praise to themselves in these temporal matters, as to the credit of having enough and to spare with their own personal forethought. So many others being overcome with the cares of the world and the pursuit of riches (or something else, equally engrossing), forget to look into the Great Source from whence should come their help.

The dust of ambition is in some eyes that they cannot see clearly the

LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Methinks some discouraged soul exclaims "Give thanks, indeed! For what shall I give thanks? Shall I praise the Lord for the drought that shrivelled my crops? for the fire that swept away what scanty gleanings I had? Shall I rejoice in the death of my loved one, or give thanks for the poverty that threatens to oppress me.

Let us see what the Book says about it: —I turn over its pages and read this:— "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my Salvation." And again I read:—"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men! For He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness," and "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

Take courage brother, and thank God that it is no worse with you than it is. Praise Him that you have not fallen by the edge of the sword. Think of the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," and of the "destruction that wasteth at noonday," and thank God that these things have not come nigh thee.

Does it ever occur to us that there might be cause for thankfulness even in the barren fields and empty stalls? When the world goes well with us, how prone we are to say, "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing;" how prone to become at ease in Zion, and to allow the things that are seen and temporal to take the place of the unseen and heavenly.

Give thanks for the harvest of souls. As we look over the field we see that many many sheaves of good have been "garnered from the fields of sin," such as shall be safe in that Great Day when the chaff shall be scattered away.

Oh, weary toiler in the vineyard! has the seed you have laboured to sow seemed to fall only on stony ground? Faint not, but "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Amid the discouragements of the present, it is sometimes easy to forget, for a time, the deliverances of the past; but the God of yesterday is still Jehovah, and His power is over all His works.

Be glad therefore that it is yours to sow —God Himself will give the increase. You shall in "no wise" lose your reward, for the Word declares "Thy labour shall not be in vain in the Lord."

Looking back over the year that is gone, we see those shadowed days when one, and another, and yet another of our dear ones crossed the river. When they left us, whose sun was set and rose, less seemed so bitter that at first we could not find comfort. But now some of us can thank God that He has gathered them into His sheltering arms.

After all our friends have only "gone home"—gone to take possession of the mansions prepared for them on high. How much we ought to thank and praise God for a Father of mercies! there is this place prepared! There they are "free from all pain and sorrow"—safe from the evil that is in the world.

"'Tis but a little while to stay,
We'll meet in glory there."

The gates are closed against us for a little time, but when we have finished our course, if we keep the faith, they will swing wide open and, at the glad "Come in," we too shall enter into the city to go out no more forever.

Oh, give thanks for the glorious gospel of the blessed God!

"What though the poor heart complaineth,
Some shall the waiting be o'er;
For there is the "rest that remaineth,"
It shall grieve and be weary no more."

"OPPORTUNITY is the blossom of time."

"A MAN does not become rich by laying up abundance, but by laying out abundance; that is laying it out for God."

The harmlessness of the dove consists in not judging another; the wisdom of the serpent in distrusting ourselves.

It is only by the death of self that the soul can enter into divine truth, and understand in part what is the light that shineth in darkness.

THE WAR CRY IN OTHER LANDS

The General's Scandinavian Tour.

Departure for Gothenburg.

The General's visit to the far north would be a great blessing if it were only to receive a due place in the thoughts of all our comrades throughout the world for our Swedish and Danish forces.

The Swedes and Norwegians are two nations linked together under one king, but with two parliaments and laws entirely distinct. Up to the present time our work has been exclusively in Sweden; but preparations having been made for the invasion of Norway, the General will visit that country, and will, we trust, see some little earnest of the grand victory that certainly awaits us there.

It is now three years since the Chief-of-Staff, going to recruit his health with Mr. Billups, of Cardiff, in Sweden, laid the foundation of our Swedish work. At some meetings led by him Miss Ouchterlony was one of those who gave themselves fully to God, and from her determination to carry out all our convictions, has been developed The Swedish Army of to-day with its fourteen corps, and sixty-one officers.

The General's steamer was expected in Gothenburg early enough on Sunday morning to enable him to join in at least some of the meetings of that day. Thence, after Monday night's meeting, he was to travel by night mail to Christiania, the capital of Norway, where a great meeting was expected on Tuesday evening. All Wednesday would be required for the journey to Stockholm, the Swedish capital, where several days are to be spent. The large Riding School has been taken for Sunday, the 30th, and a circus that holds 4,000 people for a farewell meeting.

After leaving Stockholm, The General is to visit Sundsvall, where the northern district soldier's can see him; then Upsala, the University city, then Linkoping, and Norkoping; his final meeting being Malmo in the far south, whence he crosses to Copenhagen, the Danish capital, just seven miles across the sea; for Saturday, Sunday and Monday, the 6th, 6th and 7th, November. Thence by train on Tuesday morning to commence the journey of two days and a night through Germany and Holland to London. We are sure every "War Cry" reader has resolved by this time not to let this journey be wanting in any victory prayer and faith can secure for it.

Colonel Cadman writes of the

FAREWELL MEETING AT HULL.

Great enthusiasm prevailed in the town when it was known that on Friday night the General would hold a meeting at the Icebouse (Hull II.) on the subject of the "World's Salvation and How to Bring it About."

The General left the International Headquarters at 12 o'clock, arriving in Hull at 6.31 somewhat fatigued, but after a good wash and refreshments he soon brightened up. By this time the triumphant march was swelling the streets with military bands and shouts of praise. The Icebouse which is a very spacious building was nearly full as we entered. The platform was crowded with sailors, fishermen and headmen and their wives, together with a host of other blood and fire soldiers.

Loud and prolonged volleys were fired as the General marched in.

The meeting inside was commenced by singing

"Come, join our Army, to battle we go,"

and after a few prayers, a solo on the harmes, and another song, the General rose to his feet and addressed the meeting.

The General commenced his address by reviewing the population of the world and the millions of heathen in it. He also referred to the little effort which heretofore had been made to reach these millions for whom Christ died. The Christian world seemed to be standing still waiting for some one to set them to work. He showhow differently people acted in other things. For instance, when a house was on fire and families in danger, with fire surrounding them, the outburst of the heart yearning was to reach them, and, without being asked, every one set to work and did their best to get the sufferers out of danger; but here was the world going to hell, crying, "No man careth for my soul!"

Love to God and practical salvation were needed, and every one present should make an attack upon his neighbour, whom he would have to meet again at the Judgment, and with whom he may have talked of things of the world, politics, &c., but never a word about his soul.

In speaking of the religious difference of many, he illustrated the case of the drunkard staggering through the streets, seeing the professing Christians whom he knew, and drawing up to them with the intention of getting a word out of them. But they were not inclined to speak to him. He says, "Won't you speak to me? Can't I be saved because I am a poor drunkard? Why, your Master, Jesus, if He was here, would help me. Your religion is all for yourself, and you look after Number One, but as for me, a poor drunkard, I may go to hell for all you care!" and he staggered away and cursed the professed followers of Jesus for not speaking to him.

But when he met a Salvationist, as a rule he knew what reception he would have, and went up boldly to him, shook hands with him, and said, "Can you do anything for a poor drunkard like me?" and as the poor man staggered before him, the Salvationist would deal with him and say, "Yes, for I was once like you, and what God has done for me He can do for you," and he would stick to the drunkard till by some means or other he would get him on his knees in the street, into a house, or into the Barracks and converted to God.

He asked if there was any other way of spreading salvation than by everyone going to work without waiting to be set to it? Having found Christ the true Salvationist went straight at it and "buttonholed" everybody he met, and at every opportunity made sinners face the Cross, the Judgment and eternity. People were streaming to hell because so few made any effort to reach them with salvation.

The General then spoke of the curse of respectability in the religious world. How oft, he remarked, people in rags were brought to Christ and clothed and put in their right minds, but when prosperity came to them there were so many things to draw them away from the class out of which they were saved, and at length they forget the pit out of which they were dug, and left to others the work of seeking their companions.

The only way to spread the fame of Jesus was by men and women, whose hearts were filled with the love of Christ and had no other desire but to glorify Him and to save souls; those who would give themselves up as a living sacrifice to die daily; endure the cross and fling themselves into the boiling surge of the world's iniquity to reach the screaming masses with the only effectual remedy of all sorrows.

The General then spoke of the Salvation Army being regarded by some folks as a class of people who were only a "the battle army." But what had it done? Hundreds of thousands had been reclaimed; thousands of officers and missionaries had been raised out of its ranks, with hearts on fire for souls, who had given themselves up for the salvation of the world and were spreading out rapidly into all parts of the world.

In India and other foreign countries when the heathen saw or heard a Christian teacher speak of his love to God and sinners, they watched his movements to see how much he loved them, and if, like his Master, he would go down into poverty and become like them, then, and only then, would they receive him. It was through the humiliation and poverty he would make many rich, and they would say to him as they said to the Master, "Behold how He loves us!"

The Army exhibited this spirit, and as a result it was being received with gladness and joy by the natives everywhere. If such a work as had been done by the Salvation Army of the past could be accomplished by the few, what a gigantic result would follow if all the people in that building, and saved people everywhere, were to set to work and pledge themselves never to be beaten, never to retreat, but go on in the Spirit and power of God! Assuredly the world would soon be in a blaze.

From all parts of the world there were urgent calls for a detachment of the Army, but the want of men and money held them back. "Money again!" is the cry. "The Salvation Army is after money," but he asked them if the filling army was not after money. Look at the millions it costs to keep men in that army, and if people thought nothing of the expense, so that they might have an efficient Lody of men ready to defend their country and keep the enemy out, how much less should people grumble at the money required by the Salvation Army to rescue the nations? We want more men and women and more money.

The General then referred to his approaching visit to Sweden and the Continent, and the work which was already going on there.

He then closed his address with some soul-stirring remarks, which influenced the whole of the audience, and with deep earnestness he called on all to follow Christ, obey Christ, suffer for Christ, and, if needs be, die for Christ.

This concluded one of the best and most powerful meetings ever held in the old Icebouse.

At the close, the General had to make a rush for the office, to escape the multitude of friends who, in true Yorkshire style, would have hugged him in their arms, and as many of them were big powerful men, it might not have been convenient to him, although a pleasure to them. The feeling of love and affection for their Commander-in-Chief is as intense as ever, and his departure from the barracks was amidst a regular storm of "God bless you, General."

After a short rest we had the pleasure of seeing the General on board the steamer which was to take him to Sweden.

"God bless him and give him a glorious tour, and bring him back in safety" is the prayer of every officer and soldier.

THE EUROPEAN FIELD, BY AN HINDOO.

STAFF-CAPT. CHUCKROUTTY.

We were in the midst of jubilant preparations for the journey to India with the "Jubilee Fifty" when suddenly orders came for us to go to Sweden with Commissioner Ouchterlony. A few days after we started on a pleasant voyage in the s.s. "Thorsten," to Gothenburg. We were in Gothenburg on a Sunday morning. We were soon at work hand-in-hand and heart-to-heart with our Swedish comrades; hundreds flocked to the meetings, and souls were saved on this our first day in Sweden.

We journeyed to Stockholm on the next day, and received a hearty welcome from a body of Salvationists and others who met us at the station when we arrived at night.

During our two months' stay in Sweden we visited several other corps. Scores came out for salvation and hundreds for holiness. In the various places a vast multitude vowed that henceforth God's glory and the salvation of souls should be the aim and ambition of their lives.

I was escorted to and from the meetings at one town by two fine-looking soldiers of the King of Sweden's army, also a number of their cadets.

Everywhere we found the people exceedingly kind, and generally unprejudiced and religiously inclined.

ALL CLASSES OF PEOPLE COME TO HEAR the Salvation Army.

Thousands of people had to be kept outside our buildings for want of room. I believe the Army's future in this country will be exceedingly glorious and triumphant.

We received practical sympathy, not only silver and gold, but men and women. Sweden having produced

TEN VOLUNTEERS FOR INDIA.

I believe hundreds more will follow them in a little time.

Among a crowd who came to see us off from one town there was a wealthy lady, who, in bidding a hearty adieu, handed me a letter, of which the following is a translation:—

Dear Friends from India.—We thank you very much for your visit here; all the time we have been together with you and heard you, God has wonderfully blessed us and yet will bless what we have got from you. We shall never forget these times. I have learned to love my Jesus now more than ever I did in my life before. I shall fully live for Him alone. I do not see it right to have my will at all. As I now I shall say with my heart, "All for God." We shall always ask God to bless you and He will do so. You are now going, we know that; it seems for us so very painful but we have great hope in our Father because He is always the same, and we will go together home. Yes, and there we shall see each other and never part. Yes it will be joyful when we meet to part no more. We shall then understand each other without; no interpreter; that will be very nice.

I think you will be glad to hear that with many, many others we are so glad and thankful to God because He sent you here. I am sorry because I know that you will have a great deal of trouble to get these few lines translated; but my heart will ask God to bless you and fill you with His love.

Dear Staff Captain Chuckerbutty and Captain Das, pray to God for yours very sincerely,

M. L.

P.S.—Can you make any use of this ring? I give it to you.

I afterwards learnt that this was her engagement ring; she has made up her mind not to do anything contrary to God's will.

Hallelujah! The Salvation Army always comes in time to rescue. Our two Swedish volunteers have been great blessings to hundreds of Christians there. The farewell meetings were really grand and full of the Holy Ghost, the last in the Riding School was one of the best. As one after another the volunteers told the people why they were going to India and what they expected to meet with there, several could not help shedding tears—others felt how little they practically loved souls up to that time.

Staff-Captain Swenson, who has been fighting for some five years in Sweden, after singing their translation of

"Tudo, tudo each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!"

gave her experience as follows:—"The people wonder why I, a weak lass, want to go to India; but it isn't I; the Lord has clearly shown me His path, and I am going to do His blessed will among the dark heathen. If the strong ones won't follow Him the weak ones must. He is our Saviour and Shepherd; He will fight all our battles."

Officers, soldiers and friends were in tears; there was crying and sobbing all over the place. She faithfully warned all her fellow commades, and entreated them to stand faithful and live fully for God.

Sweden never saw such sights before, nor so fully understood how great the Army's aim is.

DENMARK.

After seeing our Swedish volunteers off from Gottenburg, I hurried on to my Major Perry and his comrades a visit in Copenhagen.

Though it was only a short time, yet it was full of interest, the Lord wonderfully came amongst us, some souls came out for salvation, some for holiness and service. For three nights in succession we had the large Methodist church, which holds about 1,500 people, filled. The police had great difficulty in holding back the crowds who tried to force an entrance. All were very interested about our Army work in India. The superintendent Methodist pastor translated my addresses word by word. He likes the Army and shows not the least prejudice. On the other hand, he arranged a pastor meeting in his own house, and invited a number of rich ladies and gentlemen, also a professor of the

COPENHAGEN UNIVERSITY,

who has a great deal to do with sending missionaries amongst the heathen. It was plainly shown to them that in spite of all their money and education spent upon men and women the Gospel would not spread among the heathen without practical self-denying godliness and adaptation. In the Army one of our first principles is adaptation. The sword we possess may be good, but if we don't know how to use it, our efforts will fail. Several wept tears of gratitude and stood up to thank me. I hope to see great results coming out of it all.

[illegible] after this we had another public

[illegible] in a church, whose pastor stood [illegible] and confessed before the people that he [illegible] ashamed of the little sacrifice he had [illegible] for Christ. He said he was going to [illegible] more. Before the people he also professed to support one of our Indian officers [illegible] the rate of $25.00 per year) without [illegible] ring the work of his own society. He [illegible]d, "There are things without which we [illegible] do well. Nothing would cheer me [illegible] my wife more than that for two of our [illegible]ughters, who are in this meeting, to offer [illegible]mselves for this Indian work of The [illegible]vation Army. He also told the congre[illegible]tion that he will yet try to send more [illegible]n and means out to India.

We had another promise of $25.00 [illegible] Copenhagen Corps. God bless them!

[illegible] Copenhagen Corps. God bless them!

[illegible] I left a third person, came up to [illegible]or Perry with another promise of [illegible].00 towards the support of an Indian [illegible]cer. Besides these three promises, [illegible]nmark has given India about $80.00 [illegible]ncluding my travelling expenses. We [illegible]nk God for the wonderful way He is [illegible]ing the hearts of the people to reach [illegible]ding masses of India and the perish[illegible] heathen of all lands. Hallelujah! [illegible]ng encouraged. we go forward for [illegible]ater victories. Amen.

GERMANY.

The difficulties of the German work, under Staff-Captain Schaaf, have been referred to in the "War Cry" a good deal late. We had just a glimpse and have [illegible]sty of faith that the victory will yet be [illegible] gained. God bless the country of [illegible]ther! We are glad to know that there [illegible] German men and women in the pre[illegible] day who possess a spirit similar to [illegible]—nay, more, they possess and are [illegible]led by the same God.

We went into the refreshment rooms at [illegible]EL railway station, and found a large [illegible]ny of men, most of whom were [illegible]ging in deadly intoxicants and narcotics [illegible]e attention of all was soon directed [illegible]ards us, and great anxiety was evinced [illegible] learn who we were. We succeeded [illegible] satisfying their curiosity, and in [illegible]ng them understand we belonged to [illegible]d.

I had a talk to a Christian gentleman in [illegible] railway train, and introduced the [illegible]n "War Cry" to him. He was very [illegible]erested in our work, and congratulated [illegible] upon our success. German missionary [illegible]rt is directed to Africa as English [illegible]istians take so much interest in India, [illegible] informed us.

HOLLAND.

[illegible]n my way to London I stayed for one [illegible]nday over Ham. Staff-Captain Tyler, [illegible]tant Schoch, and all their dear com[illegible]des gave me a hearty welcome. I felt [illegible]te at home among them. On Sunday [illegible] holiness meeting was grand; soldiers [illegible]d friends gave themselves more fully to [illegible]d for the salvation of souls. Several [illegible]me out for the blessing.

At night the wife of our Hallelujah [illegible]ter got saved. At the beginning of [illegible] meeting we read about new creation [illegible]d new heaven. Thank God he never [illegible]mpoints us, so He gave our printer a [illegible] wife. Hallelujah! He was glad to [illegible]her.

Both at the penitent-form and in [illegible]d meeting-down time.

Next morning two Germans came to [illegible]w all about the Army, and, I believe [illegible]y fell in love with it. One of them was [illegible]d that he got hold of me and blessed [illegible]. Salvation makes all nations one. [illegible]e little time we spent with our comrades [illegible]s very interesting. God bless them for [illegible]eir kindness and sympathy!

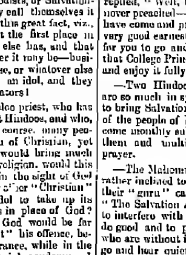
[illegible]e cleanliness of the people in very [illegible]sing. The Danish comrade who [illegible]companied me from Copenhagen walked [illegible]th me through the streets, and noted [illegible]e numbers of women whom we found [illegible]aning down the fronts of their houses. [illegible]ey they soon possess vital godliness [illegible]!

Dear readers, while these countries are [illegible]ing encouraged to do so much for the [illegible]ation of India and of their own nations, [illegible]y that you will still set them an in[illegible]easingly-good example.

To take God at His word is the business of faith.

God makes more of the dedication of the heart than of any outward service we can render.

IDOLS!



H. W. PEY.

On one occasion when in India a few years ago, I was in Poona, the capital of the Mahratta Country, and hearing that a festival was being celebrated in a large temple two or three miles from the city, I took a carriage and drove out to see what was going on. This temple was not only a single building, but it consisted of a series of buildings, surmounting a conical hill, and was in fact, or had been, partly a fort, partly a palace, and partly a temple. It was from one of the windows of this fortress-temple palace that the last of the Peishwas, or Mahratta sovereigns, saw his crown and dominion pass from him as he watched the battle of "Kirkee," when the British army overcame his own forces.

When I arrived at the foot of the hill, up which some pious Hindoos had built a convenient mount, partly a paved path and partly good flight of steps, I got out of the carriage, and, in company with numbers of Hindoos of all classes, I mounted up. The error of the Hindoo, the more in his case as we see him born in our own? We may not see it, but God sees it! and very probably our neighbour sees it too! Let us then, before we turn our attention too much to the errors of the "poor heathen," cast out first the beam out of our own eye, so that we may see clearly how to cast out the mote from our poor Hindoo brother's eye.

Arriving at the top, two men dressed in white garments met me, and one of them asked me whether he should show me over the buildings. I said—"Who are you? High Priest, or what?" "Yes," he said, "I'm the high priest." I told him I should be glad if he would show me round, though of course I knew that, having done so, he would expect something for "the collection!" As he showed me one thing after another, I remember we came in one very hideous idol, all dressed up in gaudy finery of the most trumpery description, and I looked at the man and said to him—"I can't think how an intelligent man like you can really imagine that a thing like that can hear your prayers or do you any good or harm!" "Oh!" he said, "I don't pray to that image, but to the god it represents; there is not so much difference between our beliefs as you suppose." He evidently didn't like my supposing that he could be so puerile as to worship an image. He had formerly been a clerk in the Government Service, and spoke excellent English, and was well educated, but when his father died, who had been the previous high priest, the man inherited the office. I have often thought since of this man, and of the idols he showed me, and of the thousands of idols I have seen in other parts of the world. I have often thought, too, of the observation that there was not so much difference between our beliefs as you suppose." I think he was wrong in one sense in this, and right in another. I think he was wrong because he didn't appreciate the fact that God's Spirit had so far done His work in my heart that I was in no sense worshipping idols. I think he was right in assuming that, in many cases, those who would be disgusted and horror-stricken at the idea of worshipping an image, and especially such a horrible abomination as the idol we were gazing at, were in fact just as much idolators as he was.

For, after all, what is an idolator? and what is an idol? An idol is anything which stands in the place which belongs rightfully to God; and an idolator is one who worships or serves such an idol. Now, we all know very well that there are many things which take the place of God in the hearts of many of those who profess to be His servants. If a man allowed his heart to pay more attention to his business or occupation than he forces it to pay to God, that man enthrones his business or his employment in the first place in his heart, and consequently God cannot be there, where alone He ought to be, on the throne in that man's heart. The man (or woman) who answers to the description above [illegible] given, may call themselves Christians, or Presbyterians, or Methodists, or Salvationists, but whatever they call themselves it makes no difference in this great fact, viz., that if God has not got the first place in their hearts something else has, and that something else, whatever it may be—business, or pleasure, or ease, or whatever else it is—becomes to them an idol, and they themselves become idolators!

Now, would the Hindoo priest, who has all his life lived amongst Hindoos, and who, though he had seen, of course, many people going by the name of Christian, yet had seen very few who would bring much credit to the Christian religion, would this Hindoo be as culpable in the sight of God as a Salvationist or any other "Christian"? who suffers any idol to take up its position in their hearts in place of God? I say NO! I believe God would be far more likely to "wink at" his offence, because he did it in ignorance, while in the other case He would certainly condemn. I believe that a Salvationist, or any other nominal Christian, who would permit such idols as hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, envyings, and such like to live in their hearts, would reap far more severe judgments from God than the poor Hindoo Priest.

We can easily see how unreasonable it is for a man to worship and pray to a hideous image; we see how reasonable it is to try and show such a man the beautiful truths of the Gospel, but can we equally see the absurdity of our permitting lower things, no doubt equally unreasonable in the sight of God as image idols, to take possession of our hearts and affections which God wants us to give, in all purity and completeness, to Him? We can see the error of the Hindoo, the mote in his eye, but can we see the beam in our own? We may not see it, but God sees it! and very probably our neighbour sees it too! Let us then, before we turn our attention too much to the errors of the "poor heathen," cast out first the beam out of our own eye, so that we may see clearly how to cast out the mote from our poor Hindoo brother's eye.

ODDS AND ENDS

From our Foreign Mail.

—The European mails of this week are late coming to hand, consequently we have little matter for our columns, but we live believing for more next week.

—The California War Car is to hand, bright, crisp, and artistic as usual. A grand work is going on in that region. Santa Cruz, San Francisco, Ukiah and Salt Lake cities all report great victories.

—Our comrades of the South Pacific coast have just seen the Golden Gate close upon their first officer gone home. Under M. J. Burns, one of the pioneers in the Mormon country, has just fallen a victim to typhoid fever in Salt Lake City, and went home having a blessed record of duty manfully accomplished, and a testimony of rest gloriously attained.

—The War Cry published at Sydney, New South Wales, has just been enlarged to eight pages and otherwise materially improved. We congratulate our Hallelujah twin upon its past victories and success, and pray that under God in its future proved shape it may march on to greater conquests.

—From Astoria, Col., the news comes that the officers and three soldiers were arrested for holding street meetings. Refusing to give bail, they passed a night in gaol; they were tried, found guilty, and fined two dollars each. Some of the devil's servants tried to get an ordinance passed to put a stop to Army street meetings, but the city council refused, and the Army is still marching on.

—A Hindoo young man, after putting a War Cry on the table of the College Principal who is a missionary, watched a Bible, then asked—"Sir, what do you think of the Salvation Army?" The Principal replied, "Well, before this, salvation was never preached—now the Salvation Army have come and preached it fully—they are very good earnest people. It will be good for you to go and hear them." God bless that College Principal! May he preach it and enjoy it fully.

—Two Hindoo gentlemen in Tanjore are so much in sympathy with our efforts to bring Salvation and Peace to the hearts of the people of India, that they have become monthly subscribers. May God bless them and multiply the number is our prayer.

—The Mahommedan were sometimes rather troubled to wrest the meetings—as their "guru" called a meeting and said, "The Salvation Army have not come here to interfere with us. They have come to do good and to preach salvation to those who are without it. If you want to hear, go and hear quietly, but don't go and disturb them." God bless the Mahommedans! May they and everybody else feel we have come to make "War with the devil and sin," and if sin is in their hearts may they see and get that remedy for their disease.

STRAWS FROM THE HARVEST FIELD

Carried by the Glory Breezes.

—A soldier of some years standing who used to be a terrible hard case at Guelph, was asked the other day by a wide-mouthed skeptic if he believed in a personal devil. He replied, "Yes, I do, for I was one myself before the Lord got hold of me, and I know from experience that a man or a woman either can be so possessed with the evil spirit of the devil that their life and actions can be devilish. Is that personal enough for you? But I also know that there is power in Christ Jesus to cast out unclean spirits and entirely destroy the works of the devil."

—A brother was asked by an "Evangelist" if he was saved. "Yes," said he, "gloriously saved." "Oh," said the other, "You belong to the Salvation Army I see." In bully to have a Salvation that has the trade mark "known and read by all men."

—An exchange says that a whole church at Woodstock, Ont., has been expelled from the Baptist Association for harbouring the teaching of Holiness and Sanctification. We suppose the living bone will soon develop into a moving body, but what a relief it must be to the dead body to get rid of the live rib. A corpse cannot lay still and be dignified when their is life or motion in any part of it. "Many waters cannot quench love," and love means life and sanctification.

—A correspondent writing from Ottawa says:—I am not a Salvationist but happening to be asked to buy a "War Cry" some six or eight weeks ago I did so. It was the first I had seen for a couple of years, and I was surprised and pleased to notice the great change for the better that had taken place in it since that time. I have bought one every week since, and have been much interested in it's account of the Army progress. One friend also sent his subscription for "All the World."

—A wise-acre remarked on the cars the other day, "It takes about $1500 to put a young man through for the ministry, but it don't cost much to put one into the position of an S. A. Officer." That may be all true but what are the results for the outlay. In one case the "much" often takes a lad from the plough where he would benefit his fellows by tilling the soil, and "trains" him full of book learning and gives him a comfortable pulpit from which he preaches comfortable sermons to sleep; whilst in the case of the "not much" man he is taken from home, friends prospects, wages and worldly comforts, and made a dare devil firebrand plucking thieves, harlots and pharasees out of hell fire every day. What about the profits of the investment my friend.

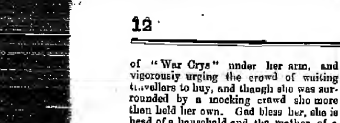
—We saw a Toronto soldier at the Union depot the other day with a bundle

of "War Cry" under her arm, and vigorously urging the crowd of waiting travellers to buy, and though she was surrounded by a mocking crowd she more than held her own. God bless her, she is head of a household and the mother of a family. It is a healthy sign when they can leave the babies for a time to look after the interests of the Kingdom.

—We hear that there have been no "War Crys" at the Opera houses for a few weeks, and a passing soldier was asked for one on the steps of the "Grand" a few nights ago. What! go?

—Sanctified energy built the ark, consecrated pluck slew Goliah, the patient perseverance of the Christ pushed Calvary's defeat in a triumph.

—Be patient, be bold, be energetic, lostant in reason and out? You shall reap if you faint not!



Questions and Answers for all Sorts of People.

This column is devoted to answering curious and discreditable. All questions referring to B. A. rules, regulations, and manual matters will be answered, all doctrinal and controversial questions will be excluded. Questions must be accompanied by name and address of the sender.

1. Does Headquarters object in Officers using any other than blank ink?

We do not know that any objection has ever been expressed on the matter. There can be little doubt however, that blank ink is far the best for ordinary correspondence and as a fact we know that red ink is more trying to the eyes of those that have to read manuscript, and that type-setters invariably objects to it.

2. I notice that nearly all our new Barracks are being called "Temples," are we right in considering that eventually the Officers and Soldiers will become respectively "Priests" and "Levites"?

The logic of your question is unanswerable. As a matter of fact there is only one building in the Dominion that has ever been authoritatively called a temple, and that is the Salvation Temple and Dominion Headquarters at Toronto. It was very wisely called them from it's inception as the dominion-head and seat o government, but to multiply the title, "Salvation Temple," would only cause endless confusion and trouble. We take it that all old soldiers who have at least been born in a Barracks will never be very comfortable in a place with a more pretentious name.

3. In corps where the Sunday afternoon meetings are entirely given over to the testimonies of Christians in the congregation, might not the Soldiers as well be to Church?

We hardly know what would become of the march and open-air if such a thing came about. As a fact we never know of such a custom except by hearsay. The Sunday afternoon "Free and Easy" is something one of the most enjoyable of our Army system; but a meeting to be free and easy must be open to every one who has a word to say for God, and to close the meeting to soldiers for the benefit of the other Christians or *vice versa* at once does away with the freedom. Everybody, yourself included, is very glad to hear our brethren and sisters of all shades and colours testify in the open meetings in our Barracks, it helps them, and it helps us, and it helps the sinners; but we take it that in the broad interpretation of the Army spirit, and unwritten rule of Army procedure, a Salvation Soldier who feels that he is led to speak has the *right at all times* to let it go in the barracks, provided he says it in a reasonable time and in a proper spirit. Don't however go to Church, you might take cold or get lock-jaw, and then you would be no good in the meeting at night.

4. What are Officers expected to do when they visit soldiers' homes?

Enquire after the soul's health of all present, encourage the saved to go unto perfection, urge the unsaved to repentance and pray, and to do this in the least possible time. An ordinary visit should not exceed fifteen minutes unless it be to help some one into the kingdom.

5. How often should a Captain visit each soldier's house in a town of 5,000 inhabitants where the corps has roll of about 100 soldiers?

It is hard to draw a strict line, but we always made it a duty to see every soldier in their homes once in two weeks, and this could well be done in a place of the dimensions you specify.

6. How many times should a Captain preach in a Holiness meeting, and what should be the average length of each sermon?

The first commandment in the Army's moral law is "preach not at all." Of course a Captain has to rule a meeting and as he shall be directed by the Spirit, rule it systematically for a definite result. We generally found that the less said if said right, brought about the best result. The Officer will usually read the lesson, and may offer a few running comments suggestive of thoughts to be fixed in the minds of the hearers, to be followed out by themselves to their individual profit. During the testimonies he may make a remark to help a comrade in a difficulty or point a lesson from a testimony, and at the close may take four or six minutes to invite and urge to a fuller consecration. Although he should go to meeting with an aim, and often with a fixed result as regards individuals in his mind we believe that "read up" or even "thoughts out," addresses are a mistake and do not produce much. The quickest and shortest way to the desired end is always best.

7. Is it a role for the Captain in leading a meeting to proceed thus "the meeting is now open for testimonies, everybody be short," and then at the close to talk from 20 to 45 minutes?

The rule goes entirely the other way, and though Officers are left much to their own discretion, anyone who falls into such a custom makes a big blunder, and we don't think is calculated to accomplish that "best for God" for which we are all trusting God for to give us the victory. Hallelujah.

FERGUS.—Capt. Blaine. This morning finds us nicely saved, and although we cannot report souls we can shout glory to God for victory in our own souls. The fighting here is hard but we are sure with God for right in the streets of our King. one who has never yet lost a battle. Hallelujah. People say there is no need of the Army here, but we do not agree with them. I see so many living without God, it makes us more determined to deliver the message faithfully, and we do pray that they will come to Jesus before it is too late.

PRESTON.—Lieut. R. Stockton. Thank God we are still saved and fighting against sin and the devil. God is with us. We have had good meetings all week, and ended up with a blessed time last night, our crying for God to save his soul, which He did, and then He to me, and after he got blessedly saved I had the pleasure of one kneel down with them and pray for him and see him get sanctified and burning his heart clean. We are determined to lick the devil and shout victory through the Blood.

TILSONBURG.—Capt. Richardson. We are getting ground on the enemy. The meetings are getting better, the crowds are larger, the Soldiers are getting more of God, and above all we are getting souls. Last night we came and left at the foot of the Cross, where, "From his weary heart th burden rolled away." There is more to follow. Victory is ours.

CHATHAM.

BOTHWELL.—Capt. Walker. Glory to God we are still marching on in the strength of King Jesus. Our Sunday and Holiness meetings have been times of great blessing to us all lately. At roll-call 3 of our sisters proved God's power in the saving out of the backsliding devil. Hallelujah.

BERLIN.—Capt. E. Kemp. We are able to shout victory through the blood. Our soldiers have been greatly tested and well they have stood the test. Sometimes in the pouring rain and now its cold winds blow; but we never will give in. For God and victory. Glory to God, and there is a brighter day yet for Berlin. Hallelujah.

THAMESFORD.—Capt. Keelch. The Lord is getting unto Himself the victory. We have had a real fight with the devil since last report, but are glad to say we have robbed him of two souls this week and the battle is real is from God. One brother being away in another town met some of his old companions, who asked him to go in and have a drink, he said "No, I have given up drinking." Well have a cigar, "No, I have given up smoking." Why, you must have joined the temperance. "No, I have joined the Salvation Army." We are believing for still greater victories through the blood of the Lamb.

AYR.—Capt. S. Scarr. Thank God another Monday morning finds us nicely saved, although the past week has been a week of hard fighting it has been a time of real blessing to our souls and soldiers going to for more of God, and sinners feeling their need of a Saviour. Although that "soul tonight" has not yet been heard, we are still trusting God for to give us the victory. Hallelujah.

PALMERSTON.

Port Elgin Corps is having victory
Oh Israel's side; souls getting free;
Redeeming love is conquering all.
Turning sinners from a burning hell,

Eleven souls set free from sin,
Lovingly Jesus has taken them in,
Greater things are in store
In every place, we believe—
Not alone for Port Elgin Corps
Capt. Michiel.

WINGHAM.—Capt. Copp. We can praise God for victory during the past week. We have had blessed meetings and our hearts heaven-ward by the power of God, and to cover we joyed a meeting so well, it touched his heart and his soul not the only one, for 4 souls come to God. Three of them backsliders. To encourage War Cry sellers, one man said on Sunday it was not 24 hours since he got saved, but he found there was a seller in Salvation. While another enemy to this city he stopped at Paris and a lass asked him to buy a War Cry, at first he refused; but afterwards bought it and is converted him while coming on the train reading it. God bless the War Cry. He was marching with us and the other converts yesterday. God's work is going on grand in this place. Holy living and hard work will do something for God. Soldiers and officers mean victory and feel sure God is going to give it to us. We covet nothing but the Spirit of Christ.

LONDON.—Capt. Langley. Bless God we can report victory through the Blood. We have had wonderful times of power and blessing; four precious souls snatched from the eternal burning and rejoicing in a living Saviour. With Jesus' arm around us we shall win and conquer at last.

VARNA.—Lieut. Benard. Yesterday we had three times of blessing. Seven at the knee-drop meetings, but many others were coming for help, so came out for our night. Soldiers are finding out only a full salvation from all sin, keeps us right.

MONTREAL.

NORTH COATICOOKE. — Capt Webber. Victory on Israel's side. We have had seven one of power and blessing, glory to God. Our hearts have been filled to overflow over seeing men and women weeping their way to Calvary. Tuesday night was a time of power, when three souls and two backsliders sought and found the joy and satisfaction of their precious souls. Saturday night one more. Sunday crowning time for one, the first thing in the morning, the evening meeting, the spirit of God rested on the meeting, but no one would yield.

SUNBURY.—Lieut. Eaton. We are still marching on to victory. The Lord is working in our midst by speaking to the hearts of the unsaved. We can see conviction stamped on the faces of the listeners. We believe we are coming to God and getting saved. Thank God one prodigal returned home and God spoke peace to his soul.

SEELEY'S BAY.—Capt. McConnell. After another week's fighting finds us nicely saved and still marching on in the strength of Jesus not seen any surrender to God we are still believing and praying that many who are now bound with the chains of sin and the devil will soon be crying for mercy.

BELLEVILLE.—Capt. Williamson. Nicely saved and washed in the blood. We give God thanks for five souls who have been set free and washed in the blood, some of them great drunkards, but thank God Jesus died to save the chief and of sinners.

WESTBROOK.—(Calnraqua out post). Capt. A. Jones. We can praise God for victory this morning. The little band is still marching on to conquer the foe. On Sunday night a very lovely was anxiously waiting for the sanctum. "Here they are," sung out one little boy, now you've go for a march down the main street. The jubilee inside went with a swing. The songs and duets went beautiful, and as some burning testimonies were given and we went into the prayer meeting one prodigal wept her way to the cross and Jesus took her in. Sunday night the Lord came very near and talked to the people, and one brother who had wandered away from his Father's house volunteered out and went to bring back him in, making two for the week, go on comrades victory is yours, more prayer and faith,

FOREST.—Capt. Duckley. I arrived st. sund, and found a small Corps in number great in the power of God. Sunday was the great in the power of God. Sunday was the ll gathering and greater in the power of God. Also ensilde of the great S. A. ber of real warm-hearted soldiers of Jesus to take you by the hand and give you a kiss as if they meant it. Glory to God. the best of all God has laid on this land on us in many different ways, but we are ching forward and rejoicing our face to the God help us so do.

HAMPTON.—Capt. L. Wright. We have real deed to fight who is not particular how ses his work so long as it is done. At present there is a desperate struggle going on between him and the powers of truth and right, and ugh he would like to discourage us we look to ourselves to our God and believe with a ng faith for the victory. Though there is only ew of us we are daily having a closer walk with God, and believe that in spite of all obstacles we shall win.

OAKVILLE.—Capt. Gibbs. Last Wednesday knee-drop, and we had a big jubilee in the barracks. The boy Isaac Hallett, Capt. Scales and ett Barker were present also. The barracks crowded to the doors, and people leaned over every. It was indeed a practical feast and God there in Power. On Thursday a good meeting and one soul got saved. The Lord is with us and we are singing on. Sunday night a dear woman came to Jesus, and thank God she received witness of the spirit that her transgressions were removed from her. The devil is from west. Two souls for the week, so we thank and take courage.

MILTON.—Lieut. McKinnon. Good meeting yesterday, but no souls. The people seem to think Salvation is something to be talked about and not realized. We mean by the help of God getting Saviour and a wrestling in and close hearts our God shall have the glory. Many sorrows shall be to the wicked. But he that trusteth in the Lord mercy shall pass him about. Hallelujah.

PORT LISGAR.—(Toronto III), Capt. Mudge Holding away. God gave us a glorious day in service. Our holiness meeting was a meeting of power, five out for the blessing. Afternoon dance in the march led by new H. Q. boys. Splendid testimonies inside, the devil kicked over two souls out. At night Captain Goodall was with us, a packed house came down and another soul whirled into the fountain, glory to God.

PIPPINCOTT STREET. — (Toronto II.) Capt. Ludgate. Wednesday night the ones and others mean victory and feel sure God is going to give it to us. We covet nothing but the Spirit of Christ.

LONDON.—Capt. Langley. Bless God we can report victory through the Blood. We have had wonderful times of power and blessing; four precious souls snatched from the eternal burning and rejoicing in a living Saviour. With Jesus' arm around us we shall win and conquer at last.

VARNA.—Lieut. Benard. Yesterday we had three times of blessing. Seven at the knee-drop meetings, but many others were coming for help, so came out for our night. Soldiers are finding out only a full salvation from all sin, keeps us right.

TORONTO.

MILTON MILES.—Lieut. Markin. Thank God this evening we are blessedly saved and rejoicing in victory. Praise God for the two precious souls that fell in the fountain and were made whole that same hour. The devil tried to stop us in many different ways, but we are pushing forward and rejoicing our face to the God help us so do.

HAMPTON.—Capt. L. Wright. We have real deed to fight who is not particular how ses his work so long as it is done. At present there is a desperate struggle going on between him and the powers of truth and right, and ugh he would like to discourage us we look to ourselves to our God and believe with a ng faith for the victory. Though there is only ew of us we are daily having a closer walk with God, and believe that in spite of all obstacles we shall win.

OAKVILLE.—Capt. Gibbs. Last Wednesday knee-drop, and we had a big jubilee in the barracks. The boy Isaac Hallett, Capt. Scales and ett Barker were present also. The barracks crowded to the doors, and people leaned over every. It was indeed a practical feast and God there in Power. On Thursday a good meeting and one soul got saved. The Lord is with us and we are singing on. Sunday night a dear woman came to Jesus, and thank God she received witness of the spirit that her transgressions were removed from her. The devil is from west. Two souls for the week, so we thank and take courage.

MILTON.—Lieut. McKinnon. Good meeting yesterday, but no souls. The people seem to think Salvation is something to be talked about and not realized. We mean by the help of God getting Saviour and a wrestling in and close hearts our God shall have the glory. Many sorrows shall be to the wicked. But he that trusteth in the Lord mercy shall pass him about. Hallelujah.

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LONDON & STRATFORD.

STRATFORD.—Capt. Syer. God is giving us some wonderful soul-saving times in the 8th corps. Through the past week His power has been with us, our crowds have been good, Saturday night the people were surprised to see us march out 26 in number, shovels, axes and brooms, &c., for a "Transformation" march. We returned to the hall which was full: the meeting lasted all night. Sunday was a time of power, Results, numbers at knee-drill, more than double, seven also for the holiness march. Monday night's meeting and quite a move amongst the sinners, God is in our midst He is bathing our souls in His love and we are full of faith for a mighty week. One poor backslider last night. Glory to God we are marching on to victory.

GODERICH.—Capt. Russell. Sinners are coming to Calvary's stream. Our knee-drill has been well manned, three weeks ago came in our meeting at the back of the hall and while we pleaded with and urged the sinners to give up, this man rose, and came forward while he sang his testimony. Thanks be to God he was in earnest to live a different life and in testifying the other night said, thank God I have found peace in my family after a few hours, and now instead of coming home drunk, I come home a sober man. Hallelujah, many others are coming for help, so came out for our night. Soldiers are finding out only a full salvation from all sin, keeps us right.

SIMCOE.—Capt Merritt. Glory to God for victory. The past week has been the best since we came here, and God has given us a glorious victory, not only in our own souls but also in the souls of others. We have seen one soul converted and six backsliders returned, besides much seed being sown and deep conviction. Where believing for still greater victories. Adjutant Sweetman was with us on Sunday, and God blessed him and made him a blessing to both saints and sinners.

DUNNVILLE.—Capt. J. W. Smith. Thank God this morning for the victory through the Blood of the Lamb. Still alive and kicking the old devil, glory be to God. Good open-air, God is working on the hearts of the people, yet they will not yield, but we are believing for a big smash in the ranks of the enemy.

MAGERSVILLE.—Capt. S. Wiggins. Since our last visit to this place we have had quite a combat with the devil, but God has stood by us and helped us win, and the results were that we captured four of his followers, and of course the devil does not like to see the boys get into the red guernseys, and he has been kicking a little but we are having good victories. Thank God for that. Hallelujah. Last Monday night two lads came to Jesus and were set free. On Thursday night we held our open-air between two hotels. We had a good meeting. On Friday night we had a fine hall to be remembered. Two came out for the blessing and two for salvation and got it. Saturday night good time. Sunday night ended with six precious souls for the day. To God be all the praise.

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MONTREAL.

NORTH COATICOOKE. — Capt Webber. Victory on Israel's side. We have had seven one of power and blessing, glory to God. Our hearts have been filled to overflow over seeing men and women weeping their way to Calvary. Tuesday night was a time of power, when three souls and two backsliders sought and found the joy and satisfaction of their precious souls. Saturday night one more. Sunday crowning time for one, the first thing in the morning, the evening meeting, the spirit of God rested on the meeting, but no one would yield.

SUNBURY.—Lieut. Eaton. We are still marching on to victory. The Lord is working in our midst by speaking to the hearts of the unsaved. We can see conviction stamped on the faces of the listeners. We believe we are coming to God and getting saved. Thank God one prodigal returned home and God spoke peace to his soul.

SEELEY'S BAY.—Capt. McConnell. After another week's fighting finds us nicely saved and still marching on in the strength of Jesus not seen any surrender to God we are still believing and praying that many who are now bound with the chains of sin and the devil will soon be crying for mercy.

BELLEVILLE.—Capt. Williamson. Nicely saved and washed in the blood. We give God thanks for five souls who have been set free and washed in the blood, some of them great drunkards, but thank God Jesus died to save the chief and of sinners.

WESTBROOK.—(Calnraqua out post). Capt. A. Jones. We can praise God for victory this morning. The little band is still marching on to conquer the foe. On Sunday night a very lovely was anxiously waiting for the sanctum. "Here they are," sung out one little boy, now you've go for a march down the main street. The jubilee inside went with a swing. The songs and duets went beautiful, and as some burning testimonies were given and we went into the prayer meeting one prodigal wept her way to the cross and Jesus took her in. Sunday night the Lord came very near and talked to the people, and one brother who had wandered away from his Father's house volunteered out and went to bring back him in, making two for the week, go on comrades victory is yours, more prayer and faith,

KINGSTON.

PICTON.—Capt. Steele. Thank God for souls. While the devil has been raging God has been convicting and converting sinners and backsliders are coming and getting gloriously saved.

MILFORD.—Capt. J. Armstrong. Praise God we can report victory through the blood of the precious Lamb. Since our last report four souls have come to Jesus, and proved the cleansing power of the blood shed on Calvary. They are now both standing on the rock of ages in S. A. Although we are few in number we are sure to win, for we fight in the strength of our King.

BRIGHTON.—Capt. Rowell. The people here are busily engaged pulling in the fish we are trying to do all we can to catch them and redeem, not to kill them as the devil does with them of life. The devil does not like it a bit and rages furiously, but thank God there are a few of us, who mean to do all we can to defeat the devil's kingdom. Good meetings on Sunday, deep conviction, but sorry to say some came to our loving Saviour. We mean to keep on fishing, and we are sure to catch some if we keep on.

TAMWORTH.—Capt. Lightowler. Steadily marching onward and fading every foe and opposition the devil can put before us. We are all of us say that God is with us and we are having good meetings and the devil knows it, although we longer pay us a barefaced visit we are going ahead in the Saviour's name. Sunday at holiness meeting you would have thought Heaven had come down to earth, the presence was awesome, the spirit of God rested on the meeting, but no one would yield.

RICHMOND. — Capt. Williams. Saturday night as we were marching to our barracks an old man followed us in. He listened to the singing and the testimonies, and then at the close of the meeting we asked him to come to Jesus, and thank God he did, I tell you he did shout and praise the Lamb when he got saved. He was to meeting the next morning and told what God had done for him.

DANVILLE.—Capt. Towell. We are still marching on in the Lord. It is he that goeth before us and gives us continual victory, blessed be his name. Our meetings are conducted in a spirit more of God, and we are believing for a real bond of salvation soldiers in this place, although the devil is fighting hard. Souls have been saved and in trying to draw them back, but in spite of all they are following Jesus and sinners are getting saved. To God be all the glory.

SHERBROOKE.—Capt. Hart. We are often led to think that the city of Sherbrooke is the devil's headquarters. The devil seems to have had his own way for quite a while, and he seems determined to have it, but in the strength of our God we are determined to upset his dirty work. They say we are trying to build up a system also say I've got no system but my own, and I'll build up the barn. If so, Mollie will soon follow all the leads on to prison I will follow, follow all the way." We are going into obey God first, man second. A few souls are coming home. We are praying and believing for victory.

COWANSVILLE.—Capt. Staples. My heart weeps over the people of this place who are going to hell They are not in the bar rooms and saloons either, but many of them have cloaks of righteousness on, but only for Sunday and prayer meeting night, but when Windsor theater comes to town the christians here think it just splendid and so they make it a substitute for prayer, but for the S. A. we can praise God here that He has taken the very desire for all such worldliness away, and then we know the blood of Jesus cleanses us from all sin, Hallelujah. Thank God since coming here we have seen four profess to find Salvation. One of them is marching and testifying for Jesus, not only every night but every day of his life that Jesus has saved him from all his sins. Thank God although our victories here in the [illegible] have not been very great yet we are not at all discouraged, but rather rejoice that God is going to give us the victory and save those people from their sins.

WATERLOO.—Capt. Lloyd. Praise the dear Lord for victory. Since our last report we have had a real bond to bind fight with the devil, but it is glorious to know that we have had the victory. We can report eighteen prisoners and backsliders who have come to the fountain and have been made whole. May the Lord give us more of the fighting spirit, and then we will be sure of the victory.

STRASBURG.—Capt. Way. We are steadily marching on in the strength of the Master. As it was announced for us to hold our anniversary last Monday night, we had a tea meeting and jubilee we went in to have a proper salvation time. Of course lots of people said, oh, they will never be able to get up a tea, but to-day were all it as it takes some work as well as faith to accomplish anything for God, and we proved it when it came time for us to sit down there was enough and to spare. Everybody was just delighted. We were reinforced by Officers from families around, and the grace of God was with us. Young from Montreal who led us on in a proper free and easy style. After tea was over we cleared away the things and got arranged for the jubilee, which was a blessed time. As we sang the first song—"March on we bring the jubilee," every body seemed to make themselves right at home. Then a chorus sang out which made the "Young" Captain get on a dance, then the Pharisees said we never do, but we would put this fashion before, but on we went heedless of everything, for while some put a little disguised God smiled on us, and we felt he was in our midst, and the more fun came to a close although no one got saved. We trust that the seed sown will be seen ere long.

Eastern Division.

ST. JOHN DIST.

WOODSTOCK.—Capt. Dougherty. Having announced a grand musical meeting for Saturday night we went home to pray and believe, and 7:30 found us with cornet, banjo and accordeon ready for the attack. Away we go for a grand march followed by a recruit, when at our invitation packed the hall. Meeting opened with a swing by singing "Oh I'm happy all the day," so go to for a time with God, who drew feelingly near and blessed us. Then for a song-nt of the "War Cry," followed by some blood and fire testimonies, and after some singing, talk we drew in the out and landed one fine fish. Lots more in pickle. The fire is still burning, and meetings are times long to be remembered for power and blessing.

ST ANDREWS.—Capt. Temple. We are doing what we can in this Mah-ki gated town to get sinners into harmony with God. It is the biggest job we ever had in our hands, but we learn to be equal to the undertaking. God help us to use our weapons with telling effect. We get lots of eggs and stones now and then when on the march, but a shave and shower, our barrack's door broke in the other night with stones, but with all we are healthy body and soul. We have had a visit from the Major and Adjutant. Our corps has been sworn in and our officers gazetted, our souls blessed and our God glorified through our lives; we have not stopped at that, we are laying ourselves out for more prayer, more self-denial. This place has been opened nearly a year and there never has been a break the devil says now he got all we are going to get, but God will bless His own work and glorify Himself in the salvation of souls.

SUSSEX.—Capt. Dustan. Thank God we are still alive here in this little place and going ahead with all our might. God is wonderfully blessing us in our own souls. Good meetings all week. Although we have not seen any results of our labor yet we believe God is going to give us the victory.

ST JOHN.—Capt. F. Irvine. We are blessedly saved from sin this morning, and more than ever satisfied that Jesus is a mighty Saviour. During the week He has helped us to point five sinners to the blood and one more wanderer has returned, glory to the Lamb. We are looking forward to the week-end with much joy, rejoicing bringing in the sheaves. Hallelujah.

ST. GEORGE.—Lieut. Boggs. In looking back over last week's meetings we are led to shout "praise God from whom all blessings flow" as we are having blessed meetings, and the soldiers and officers are going in for the fight. Since last report two precious souls have come to Jesus, and we are believing for more to follow.

VICTORIA CORNER.—Lieut. M. McLean. A Hallelujah song-song was the programme for Monday night, and bless the Lord we had a good time, no failures or break-downs. As generally is the case, the Lord helps those that help themselves. It is wonderful to see how these young recruits took hold and used their singing talents for Jesus. Found a blessed time, one soul, but some left almost persuaded. Tuesday night God came very near to our soldier's meeting. One dear brother said that he had never spoken a word to-day for the healing of one dear sister that is very sick, and the third time came very near taking his cause up. He prayed for her and God answered his prayer. Lord increase our faith, so when we ask we may expect and believe that God will answer and we may get the victory. It so to this case. Closed a blessed time with ten recruits that mean to fight the fight of faith. Lord keep them true. We had a good meeting all week with one soul in the fountain, more to follow. Yesterday meetings good all day, an visible results. Eternity will reveal, glory be to God for ever. Amen.

FREDERICTON.—Capt. N. McDonald. We will not take up much space to-day. It would take too much paper too if we were to begin writing about yesterday's meetings. They were fair. Ahead of any that we have been in since coming here, and then to make good things better the Lord has brought to Himself five who had left the fold and six for full salvation this week.

HALIFAX DIST.

STELLARTON.—Cadet-Capt. Colpitts. Praise God for victory again and again. This week God has wonderfully blessed us in our own souls and helped us to win two deserters back to the fold. Yesterday (Sunday) was a blessed day. We had "Happy Scottie" from the Yarmouth corps with us for the afternoon and evening, how the people looked when the glory came. Scottie danced and shouted Hallelujah, and wound up by telling us of his experience, which was good.

VALE COLLIERY.—Lieut. Field. Another week has rolled into eternity and no souls saved. The majority of the people in this place are kept under the power of the devil's chloroform. Nothing seems to move them, also the devil has a great foe to the Salvation Army here, but onward we must go for our colors are flying, banner threw he kingdom, which is bound to give way while the power of the Holy Ghost is at work. Victory is our motto.

PARRSBORO.—Capt. Gough. We are still toiling on. At times we find the fighting to be tough, but the glory lands overbalances all that can be brought to bear on the outside. At the sing-song "Happy Jim" was to the front with an original song. By the devil's agencies it could easily be seen that he didn't like it, but we know of a lot of people that did. The saved drunkard's demonstration was grand. "Scotch Bob" told what the Lord, through the Army, had done for him. At one time, after drinking his fill of whiskey, he accidently laid himself down upon the grass, and, thinking he was about to fall on hold on with both hands so tightly that he didn't get any further down. He has since been to the fountain and drank of the living water. The saved printer who drank the contents of so many bottles also bit at the devil in good shape. He told the story that you heard of at one time previous to this, how that whiskey made him shortsighted. Several others gave their testimonies, which, by the way, told that they felt the Lord was no pity for the devil. Closed with three souls, one backslider and four for purity of heart.

CLIFORD.—Capt. Chambers. Glory to God. We are glad we can say this morning, and thank God others are beginning to see there is no pleasure in being bound up in sin and are coming to the Saviour and getting freed and going away rejoicing. Bless His name, ten more souls for God this week, and God gets the glory. Amen.

SHUBENACADIE.—Lieut. C. McLean. Well we are still on the warpath after the devil and his train, thank God He has helped us to overcome the world during the past week and deliver the goods to sinners. Number are on the rear of Calvary's car, and we are praying and believing for them. May God help them.

PUGWASH.—Capt. Armstrong. To-day finds us a blessed saved and happy although we started at not seeing any souls being born of God, still we cast our bread upon the waters knowing that it shall not return void but shall accomplish that whereunto it is sent. We mean by God's grace to fight on and lift up the bloodstained banner here, and by His help we will make to save to the very at ermost. There are a lot of these "hope to be" but would like to be saved" people here and in this place, and the cry is looking at them. May God bring them to His blessing fast and a lot too late.

NEW GLASGOW.—Capt. Jewer. Just a word to let you know that we are still saved and leaning on the strong arm of Jesus. The past week has been a blessed time to our souls, and not only ours but to some who not long ago were far down in sin, but to-day are rejoicing in a clean heart through the blood of the Lamb. We can report victory through the blood of the Lamb. This week we have seen six souls coming to God and bless Him He freely pardoned all their sins. We are believing for mighty times here. God helping us we mean to do our best to spoil the plans of hell and get the people to God.

TRURO.—Capt. H. Cooke. Another week of victory, praise God for ever. Yesterday in our holiness meeting a dear old man who had spent all his years in the service of sin got pardoned and saved. No one could doubt that he got free to see the way he danced around, shaking hands with every one he became ever and praising God. In his testimony he said he seemed to be in a new place, everything looked different. He had drank hell, cried when others shouted, about the same seller would be sitting outside the bar reading the paper, and it would be, "hello, come in and have something to drink," but now he will be hooked there empty, but now he intends to serve God. Glory to God, three souls this week in the Lamb.

WINDSOR.—Steff-Capt. Banks. Monday night we had a wonderful saved-drunkard's meeting, although he had passed under the door in the shape of drunken men with dogs at noses, no doubt for the purpose of disturbing the meeting, but we did not regard such and the door in the shape of drunken men with dogs at noses, no doubt for the purpose of disturbing the meeting, but we did not regard such and the door was not some testifying that night who were miracles of God's power to save.

He was a terrible drunkard, many times in tears I would promise to do better, when I thought of my home and family I could not keep the promise. The devil had me in his claws then the children have gone to bed hungry. 12 months ago I knelt at the S. A. penitent form and God saved me from my sins and drink.

2 Had been a terrible drunkard last week, with died, home went in months ago God took hold of him and saved him.

3. Had been saved 10 weeks, last drunk was at the time of the S. A. picnic, when he was one of the drivers, but the following Sunday got saved.

4 A few months ago used to cut up in meeting. Though young, had been in bondage to the drink. Blessedly saved and wears red jersey now.

Many others just in the same strain. At the close two souls volunteered for salvation.

YARMOUTH DIST.

ANNAPOLIS.—Capt. Webb. Thank God we are rejoicing in the salvation of souls. We have been another blessed week of victory, four souls. Jesus came very near and we want out to meet Him, we have had fire on for the blessing of a clean heart and one prodigal came home to his dear Father's home, where he finds bread enough and to spare, glory to Him. Still we feel and know that God is faithful with us. On Thursday evening we went out to a small village some distance from this town, where a number of our soldiers are living and held a meeting there. Scarcely was the invitation given, when one dear brother rushed to the front. Oh how he has promised prayed! In a short time the Lord set him free. In his testimony he said he had been a very cruel man in his day, but was the only one of his family who was unsaved, but no now thanks God that there was pardon still for him. Bless His dear name, more to follow I do believe. Every body pray for the place that God may turn many to righteousness even here.

MONTAGUE BRIDGE.—Capt. G. Robinson. During the past week we have been pounding away at the *Rinty* rocks of sin, in this village. At this season a great many vessels frequent the port and numbers of the sailors attend the meetings, some from Newfoundland, others from N. S. a few of them are saved and testify, we have visited the town a and held some War Cry for their reading, may God bless them, On hall is very cold and people wont come to the meetings but in small numbers. Sunday night a good crowd and fair meeting. Through the week I have taken my stand alone without a soldier to help, but God's arm upholds me. Sunday afternoon Mrs. Robinson led the meeting. We expect to get another building for the winter. I trust God's work will go on faster than it has done. Pray for us, this is a place where we have a great many difficulties, but love to encourage. Thank God we are not alone and we mean to trust Him for all.

NEWFOUNDLAND DIST.

ST. JOHNS.—Capt. Fry. What glorious times the children of God have! Surely the days of heaven are with them. Every day is a day of victory. The past week has been a blessed time to our souls, and not only we prayed and wept, at last I felt myself, we will get up and have the testimonies, but God said, "Stay and pray where you are, the Comforter is going to be done." so we go singing and praying till God laid one by one on the floor under His power while others would send for us and God was there. The Spirit is going all over the town but we stop not at that, some last got on the meeting unsaved and others were seeking and struggling together—some so hot He had to send some of tobacco, others of hatred; some for freedom, and five for salvation. After a short time all professed to get what they came for. Hallelujah! "No surrender" is the motto of the 152nd King's Own.

CARBONEAR.—Capt. Collier. Thank God we are still marching over the devil's kingdom of hell, and souls are being saved. This week we have had good meetings, and two souls (a man and his wife) and one backslider returned to the fold in the open-air. We rush on to battle.

MANITOBA.

NEEPAWA.—Capt. Ham. We are having better times, and things are looking up. It seems as though the months of the whole week has been "we're gaining ground," and its blessedly true. Backsliders are coming home, recruits made into soldiers and fine soldiers. There are no idlers on the way, and in spite of the devil we march along. Of course, some are waiting to see the Army pass by, but we don't mind, for there is the Army to bear it up, but instead of busting the Army up, the love of God broke him all up and he had to confess Jesus. That's what we see is for. Yesterday was a proper field day we had marches, big crowds; four came out for cleansing and professed to have found it.

BRANDON.—Capt. L. Cowan. Well, hallelujah! Time would fail to tell of our wonderful Rangoot and Jubilee, of the safe arrival of the Winnipeg Band after a drive of some ten miles of bad roads. But this morning we praise God that we feel free as all that we did, and feel confident that souls will be saved; at the same time praising God for what He has already done in the last three weeks, in which time seventy-three souls have sought the Saviour and found Him to be to them all that He has promised. On Sunday night our hearts rejoiced to see eight precious souls come and confess Jesus before men, which He did. They arose, thanking God for His goodness to them in receiving them into His fold. Last night we closed the meeting over seeing four precious souls come to the foreseen that never sees die. Praise God! Look for a fine victory here.

BARRIE.—Capt. Dawson. Praise God we are still able to report victory at this place. God is with us in our midst in many ways. Bless His dear name, and one soul found it out to the joy of her heart, and was able to glorify her testimony at the first time she spoke since she found Jesus for her. Praise God! He can save to the uttermost. There are some more who ought to give up but are still faltering against God. Our cause in that God would make the burden still heavier.

COLDWATER.—Capt. Harris. We have found during this time we have been here that those who wait on the Lohd shall renew their strength. Although we have not seen any souls born into the Saviour's fold as we talk to the people of Jesus' love, and of death and the judgment, we could see they felt their need of a Saviour. We are trusting for a harvest of souls to make nearer efforts than ever to win the people of Coldwater for our King.

CHESLEY.—Capt. M. Connor. We can praise God this week for what He has been doing for us. On Wednesday night, as we sang, "There is a fountain filled with blood," a dear girl returned out for God, and joss like Jesus. He took her in. In Holiness meeting on Friday night four came out, one for salvation. Bless God, we are believing for great things to Creemore. The power of God was felt in our meetings all day Sunday. Praise the Lord! He has promised to meet with us, and He does. Hallelujah!

BEETON.—Capt. M. A. Smith. Took charge on the 28th September, since then we have seen three precious souls weep their way to the feet of the cross. We take courage and go on, spite of every difficulty to do our part and clear our garments of the blood of souls. We are believing for greater victories.

MILLBROOK.—Capt. Hough. It is said constant dropping will wear a stone. We have been pounding away at the hardened sinners of this town for some time past, at last two souls who have not been enlisted with wandering from their Father's house arose and came to Jesus' feet that we may bring others up with we are to share the glory that awaits the true follower of Christ. Roll call a blessed time; soldiers feeling their need came right out in God who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not. Although summer the S. A. is too straight, but we have to give an account of our dealings. Some of the unsaved are being awakened to the same fact. One Brother came to be cleansed in Calvary's stream; came out of the fountain saying, "The burden's rolled away." One wanderer returned to his Father's house, and was joyfully received. Others almost persuaded.

OTTAWA.

PERTH.—Capt. A. Cass. On Monday night we expected the Adjutant, but he was too ill to come. A good number at the hall, and 28 soldiers were on the platform ready to be sworn in; but the candidates failed to be put off on account of the Adjutant's absence. We had a grand time and God was not absent. Well-on Tuesday night, splendid meeting, two souls and idols in, and a good number there was. (Man had all gone to hear a lecture.) At the Holiness meeting Friday night thirteen came out to be put off on account entirely to the Lord, and we did have a time. Some laughed, some shouted, one woman not far away got the blessed and to be put off on account another house, saylur the Soldiers praying had frightened her, and it did not end there. Saturday night we had another consecration and knee-drill Sunday morning was another overflowing time, indescribable. Holiness meeting good—Saturday and Sunday out at seven to the end. Sunday night we had a melting time, several sat in tears but would not yield. At night one of our lads farewelled for the field, and after closing the meeting with a fine knee-drill feeling over as at no one coming out a backslider put her hands over her face and rushed out; another went to her help and found her not hearing that, turned round, walked back and at the penitent-form both found peace. Two for the week.

FARMERSVILLE.—Capt. Risden. Since our last report we have seen souls brought to Christ. God has been working in a wonderful way. Sunday's was closed with meeting and were leaving the hall. God's Spirit had so taken hold of two dear brothers, that they came back and asked God to save them. They went down feet and said they had the assurance that the past was forgiven. Since then two more have been set free from the bondage of sin. Every one were faithful servants of the devil, but things have changed completely around, two more souls made to invite their companions to come to Christ. To God we give all the glory. Soldiers and officers are going in to live nearer to God. Filled with God we shall shake Farmersville. Hallelujah.

PRESCOTT.—Capt. Cunningham. There are a few faithful workers at this little out-of-the-place who mean victory through the Blood at all risks. There has been an enormous amount of reproach and shame brought on the name and cause of God on Mount Calvary through the inconsistency and deceit of some who once professed to be representatives of the meek and gentle Jesus, in fact so much lemoning has been brought on on the blessed Redeemer by some, that those who are in sin almost look on the Army as serving God, after so much reproach made of it by others, but we mean by God's assistance to hold up the standard of purity and truth, and from six, so lasting all see that God's Salvation is. Hallelujah! Closed the week with two backsliders. Believing for mighty things from our God.

ALMONTE.—Capt. Rees. This morning we can report victory in our own souls. We have passed through many discouragements and peculiar trials, but we have always found God true to His promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." On Wednesday night Mrs. McHardy was present with us to swear in Soldiers. Those of our comrades whose whole heart and soul is in the Army stood and boldly avowed their determination to be true to God and the Army and fight till death under the blood and fire flag We pray that every one will be found faithful to their vows, and lead many more into the true light. In our visiting the past week we have seen the spirit of God working, and we have shed on account of sin, but still the cry was "I can't surrender," and the same Spirit has been manifested to our meetings. Our hearts have been filled with anguish over these souls, and we have done our best to get them to decide, and we are believing to see them soon seeking Salvation. Hallelujah.

ALBERTA.

CALGARY.—Capt. Mercer. Thank God for victory. This week we have seen five weep their way to the feet of Jesus and bless His name. He took them to God and them on their way rejoicing. Hallelujah! We are still in the fight through the blood of Jesus. We have some blood and fire soldiers here willing to do anything that can might be used from the terrible pit that awaits the sinner.

Some one called a brother a fool for boarding our officers free. Says he, "Nobody called me a fool when I used to spend more money in one night for whiskey than would keep those boys for a whole month. God used them for my salvation, why should I not help the Salvation Army?"

Hallelujah! we are going down still lower at the Saviour's feet that we may bring others up with we are to share the glory that awaits the true follower of Christ. Roll call a blessed time; soldiers feeling their need came right out in God who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not. Although summer the S. A. is too straight, but we have to give an account of our dealings. Some of the unsaved are being awakened to the same fact. One Brother came to be cleansed in Calvary's stream; came out of the fountain saying, "The burden's rolled away." One wanderer returned to his Father's house, and was joyfully received. Others almost persuaded.

"War Cry" & "Little Soldier"

COMPETITION LIST,

Week Ending November 12th, 1887.

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Fenwick, Capt. Cunningham	.....	100
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Yarmouth, " M. Fletcher	.....	100

The Studious marked thus * have increased, and those marked † have decreased their order.

NOTES.

Beginning another year we think it very desirable to make a change in the history of the "War Cry" and "Little Soldier" should be thoroughly laid before our comrades. For this purpose the "Publication Department" will send to each week's supply a list of the numbers sold by each corps over 100, noting the increase or decrease of the numbers sold, with such remarks and comments as shall in the most best. The object being not so much to foster a spirit of competition as to give each member, each officer and each corps a fair start and a fair chance to run a successful race. Our leaders have been invited to our meetings. Our hearts have been filled with anguish over these souls, and we have done our best to get them to decide, and we are believing to see them soon seeking Salvation. Hallelujah.

Whilst the "War Cry," etc., hes from its inception continued to make most satisfactory progress, it is a fact to which we cannot shut our eyes, that taking a like consideration the population of the communities where we are stationed, the number of our Corps, and the names on our Soldiers Roll, that the circulation is not what it ought to be; and it is equally true that it is not more than half what it would be if reasonable efforts was made in every place to push it.

One thing is very evident from the above list and that is, that the smaller towns and villages are circulating far greater numbers proportionately than the larger towns and cities. And that some out-posts and "hard shops," taking circumstances into consideration are beating the "soft snaps," and city corps hollow in this matter.

Let every Officer, every Soldier, and every Corps as a Corps, take this into consideration, and face their responsibilities, and before New Year's a wonderful change can be brought about.

Everybody Push the "War Cry!"

"And their Blood will I require at your hand."

WE ARE IN URGENT PRESSING NEED OF

200 VOLUNTEERS FOR THE FIELD.

From every hand the cry is coming in "Send us more help," from all quarters we have the enquiry when are you coming to our town or village?

It is for the soldiers of the Canadian Wing of the great S. A., to answer these questions, and answer them not only by their prayers and gifts, but with their bodies and their lives. The work is crippled in our Dominion for the lack of sufficient officers, and yet amongst our thousands of soldiers there are hundreds who might step into the breach. We want each comrade to make a personal affair of this call, and to answer before God the reason that keeps them from the front.

People who have anything to a material sense to gain by volunteering are not required.

What is wanted is people who have everything to loose and are willing to forsake all.

The road we offer is strewn with thorns, it means loneliness and friendlessness, and the ill-will of the world and the misunderstanding perhaps of Christian people, but it is

THE CHRIST-PATH

and the way of sorrows which the Master trod. The Master went forth to seek and to save the lost, are you the

SOLDIER AND SERVANT

content with home and friends and comforts and self indulgence, when He needs help in the task of bringing the world to Himself? Your Commander died on the altar of consecration, and He says "The servant must be as his Lord."

Comrades, we cannot bear the thought of souls going to hell, and yet we may be positively sure they are going there for want of more whole hearted, daring, desperate consecration.

Look at the vast army of poor drunkards rolling, reeling, staggering down into a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell!

COMRADES RUSH FORWARD AND SAVE THEM!

Look at that fearful legion of heroes rushing on down the incline of prostitution to an early grave, to an eternal hell.

Comrades, brothers, sisters, all forward and rescue them.

COMRADES, UP AND SAVE!

Souls by legions are rushing on to dark damnation. Consecrated men and women are wanted, with hearts, souls, bodies full of compassion, to live only to save.

Soldiers, millions of our fellowmen and women of all classes and grades of society are going as fast as possible to the blackness and darkness of eternal night.

Consecrated men and women Soldiers are wanted, and must be got, and shall be got, and I believe are at command, to go regardless of position, honor, friends, home, coats, consequences, or what not, to save souls from the yawning gulf of hell.

Reader, this is your privilege, for the God saved you, for this He has or will sanctify you. It is for you to face your responsibility in the matter. Your a Salvationist, of all others are your brother's keeper, and God sends a Soldier of you, that you might fight where ever and under what circumstances He might choose. Listen to His call ere He turns really away to one more worthy of His confidence and more willing to follow Him.

Count the cost, and send in your application to

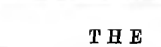
COMMISSIONER COOMBS,
Salvation Temple,
Toronto, Ont.

NOTICE TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

All matter for insertion in the War Cry should be addressed to the "Editor" Salvation Temple, Toronto. It should be written in INK, and on one side of the paper only; and in every case must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not for insertion, but as evidence of good faith.

All matter written in connection for printers' use, can be sent by post at the reduced rate of one cent per half ounce, if the same are opened and the packet marked "printers' to 9, over the address.

We cannot undertake, consequently rejected or unsuitable contributions.



TORONTO DIVISION.

THE COMMISSIONER,

—WITH—

D. O. Morris, A. D. C. Lewis and Staff of Officers

VISIT THE FOLLOWING PLACES:—

PICKERING, Saturday, November 19th.

JUBILEE.

WHITBY, Sunday, November 20th, Morning and Afternoon.

SALVATION MEETINGS

OSHAWA, Sunday, November 20th, Evening.

SALVATION MEETINGS

TYRONE, Monday, November 21st,

Officers Council and Opening of New Barracks.

BOWMANVILLE BAND TO THE FRONT.

BARRIE DIVISION.

Major Glover and Wife

—WITH—

DIVISIONAL FORCES

WILL CONDUCT GREAT MEETINGS AS FOLLOWS:

BARRIE, November 18th, 20th and 21st,

Great Thanksgiving Meetings, Banquet and Half Night of Prayer.

OLENCAIRN, November 22nd.

JUBILEE.

CREEMORE, 26th, 27th and 28th,

THREE DAYS' JUBILIATION AND OFFICERS COUNCIL.

THE

GREAT QUINTETTE

—OF—

SALVATION -:- MELODY,

IN COMMAND OF

THE WELSH MINSTREL

—AND—

HIS—FIDDLERS—THREE,

Will visit the following corps:—

Sherbrooke, Saturday, Sunday	Nov. 19 20
Waterloo, Monday	" 21
Knowlton, Tuesday	" 22
Cowansville, Wednesday	" 23
St. John's, Thursday	" 24
Montreal II, Friday	" 25
Maxville, Saturday, Sunday	" 26, 27
Quiver, Monday	" 28.
Carleton Place, Tuesday	
Pembroke Wed., Thurs.	Nov. 30 Dec. 1,
Renfrew, Friday	" 2.
Almonte, Saturday, Sunday	" 3, 4.
Perth Monday	" 5.
Brockville, Tuesday	" 6.
Farmersville, Wednesday	" 7.
Prescott, Thursday	" 8.

WONDERFUL CURIOSITY FOR PARTICULARS SEE POSTERS.

NEW TIMBRELS!
NEW TIMBRELS!!

We have now in Stock a supply of well made strong Halrels, light for handling, good sounding, with 24 nickle jingles. Price only $1.50, each.

MEN'S GUERNSEYS

NEW STOCK.

WE are now prepared to supply a really first-class strong woollen Guernsey, red color, with Salvation Army worked across the breast. A really excellent line of goods.

PRICE $2.00 EACH.

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THEY have arrived at last. Real good durable article. Button down the front, with "Salvation Army" worked across the front. Price, each.

BLOOD AND FIRE

RED HANDKERCHIEFS.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Have You Seen the General?

Have You Seen the Temple?

If not send immediately to Toronto to get a Lithograph of the former, or a Photograph of the latter. Price 25 cents each.

HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW STYLE CAP?

IT'S EXCELLENT. THERE ARE ONLY A FEW left, so they'll not be long. Intending purchasers had better hurry up. Price $2.50, including crest.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

MONTREAL BARRACKS.

Mrs. Ayer, Bowmanville ..... $ 0 25

FRENCH WORK.

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Capt. Brand, Lime Ridge 1 00

BRIGGE WORK.

Per Capt. Wiggins ..... $ 0 70

KINGSTON BARRACKS.

A Friend, per Commissioner ..... $ 2 00
" " " 2 00

EXPECT SHORTLY.

Just a few copies of the two latest publications of the Salvation Army

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We are selling off the remainder of the stock at half price, namely, 25 cents each. Size 14 x 11. Makes a beautiful picture framed.

It is a Painful Fact

That many of our Soldiers and Friends have not read the interesting Story of the war of 1886. We have some copies still left which are being sold at reduced prices. Paper covers only 15 cents. Cloth covers 25 cents. Send your order at once to secure a copy.

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WE HAVE NOW IN STOCK Nos. 20 to 26 inclusive. For the future the Band Music will be sold at the following rates:—

Single Set of 13 parts ..... 40 cents.
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MISSING.

WM. JAMES BRYDEN SLOANE, who left White mest, Shetland, for Toronsville, Australia, about eight or nine years ago, or any one knowing of his whereabouts, please communicate with his sister, Jane Mrs. Tom V. Rungerford, P. O., Winnipeg, Man., or Hendgarson, S. A. Temple, Toronto. Australian Cry please copy.

WM. WILLIAM JNO. HODGSON, Boot and Shoe maker, of Saltburn by the Sea, Yorkshire, England last heard of in Chesley, Bruce County, Ontario. Write to his anxious mother—Ann Hodgson, John Spence, 23 Hartley Street, Rochester, N.Y. Please

JOHN JONES, of unsound mind, left his home in ... Ont. ... would oblige his friends by communicating with Alexander Jones, Gaineson Post Office, Ont. U. S. Cry please copy.

JAMES MARTIN BAKER, whose last Letter was in Sarnia, Ont., would be glad to hear from ... residing in Oshawa, Ont. ... Address, Capt. Hunter, Oshawa, Ont., Canada. English Cry please copy.

If this should meet the eye of JAMES DENNIS, who last heard of was in Truro, Cornwall, England. His sister, Mary Ann Dingle, ... last heard of living in Oshawa, Ontario, Canada, would be glad to hear from him. Address, Captain Hunter, Oshawa, Ontario, Canada. English Cry please copy.

JAMES COCHRANE, born in Pike River, Quebec, last heard of was in the Pennsylvania Coal Mines and who left home when about eighteen years of age ... requested to communicate with his mother, Mrs. Alex. Cochrane, Pike River, P. Q. American Cry please Copy.

WILLIAM OLIVER BRADEN, left Trenton about ... years ago, was last heard of in Port Hope, and living in Port Hope. If this should meet his eye, would ... well by writing to his brother who is anxious to hear from him. Address Fleton Ontario. American Cry please copy.

WILLIAM JOSEPH WOOD, last heard of by his mother from Fort McLeod, N.W.T., now supposed ... be in Calgary. If he should see this, his mother, who is now in Calgary, Alberta, will be glad to hear from him. United States Cry please copy.

Will MRS. PERCIVAL J. BARRETT who ... England for Melbourne, Victoria, in March, 1879, ... to her mother, Mrs. E. Wall, Box 100 Waterloo, Ontario, Canada. N. B. Wales ... an Cry Please copy.

MISS SARAH NEWELL, daughter of Robert Newell Brewer for Squire Fryer, Chatteris, Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire, England, came to Toronto, 20 years ago. If ... will communicate with Commissioner Coombs, Salvation Temple, Toronto, she will hear ... sister to her ... Address ...

REBECCA HOLLINS, who left her home in Sussex Ahead ... years ago ... of my person, who can ... any information of her whereabouts, please ... 108 Bay Street, Toronto.

If this should meet the eye of JOHN McCARTHY or any one knowing of his whereabouts, they would confer a great favor by dropping a line to his brother, James, ... Fahrenheim, Ont., Canada. He was last heard of at Liverpool, Eng.—English Cry Please copy.

IF MRS. MARY SULLIVAN of Bridge Street Brentford, Scotland, would write to her son John of Woodstock, Ont., Canada, he would be much pleased. English "Cry" please copy. 8, 11, '87.

DOCTRINES AND DISCIPLINE OF THE SALVATION ARMY. Every Candidate and every Soldier should read this book. It is of the greatest ... Send those who intend to be Salvation Officers. ... 35 cents.

TRAIN UP A CHILD IN THE WAY IT SHOULD GO. Parents! If you want to know how to do this? Then buy the book written by the General—"the Training of Children." Price, 70 cents. Address each.

21 YEARS S.A. Do you thoroughly want to understand the history of the Salvation Army since it commenced? If so, read this book, and prejudice will go. Price, 35 and 50 cents.

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EN AVANT! Journal français de l'Armée du Salut au Canada paraît tous les quinze jours. Il contient les dernières nouvelles de la guerre du salut au Canada et dans les autres parties du monde. Il est publié ... Prix de vente du salut aux Canadiens-français. Prix de numéro 5 cents.

THE LITTLE SOLDIER. ONE CENT PER COPY, 6 cents per dozen, 50 cents per hundred. Published by THOMAS H. COOMBS, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, at the Headquarters, and printed at 24 25 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont., Canada.

THE WAR CRY CONTAINS ALL THE LATEST news of the war, with original articles by the General, his Staff Officers and Soldiers. There is no more effectual way to spread Salvation than by increasing the circulation of THE WAR CRY, which is calculated, not merely to sustain and intensify the devotion of The Army lost to arouse all who read it to a more self-sacrificing and energetic attack upon the kingdom of the wicked one, and the most confident efforts to extend the kingdom of our God and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Printed, with all S. A. publications, at the Penny Printing House, 25 Albert Street, Toronto, Ont.

The War Cry

All Round the World

AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA

VOL. IV. No. 161. TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 26TH, 1887. PRICE 5 CENTS

MONTREAL.

(C. T. P.)

BY WAY of Preface—The Sound of Coming War.

"Again to the battle-field my restless spirit flies,
With sole as my last sad call for holy war."

On a recent Saturday night, beneath a star fit sky, we arrived once more in the great city. A blinding snow-storm was sweeping with glistening fury through the streets, and although in the month of October, on the ground lay on less than two inches of winter's dazzling fleece. What a change!

Our quarters on Alexander Street is in the same place, but time has also wrought changes in the appearance of the old sanctum. The door opens, the weary traveller lays down his valise and begins to make inquiries regarding the inmates, etc. "Come up-stairs," whispers a familiar voice. We went, only to find Capt. Ted Young, with fevered brow and fast-beating pulse, struggling on his "pallet of straw" against the effects of violent cold. At the time of writing he is still prostrate, and under the care of a physician.

Once more, on a Sunday morning, we enter Mechanics' Hall. Another change meets our gaze. The old platform, the most venerable of all "platforms," is no more—its walls are blackened, and seats are lying in ruins. The story of the recent fire was told without words. An improved platform is arranged at the other end of the Hall, and our Holiness meeting was turned into a spiritual flame by God's presence. Every soul was touched, and every spirit burned.

There is a change in the Corps too. Such a splendid display of uniform! It was really difficult to recognize some old faces! God has evidently been working. The soldiers have secured the treacherous fire from the enemy's machinery, and are coming forth as an invincible host for God.

[illegible] ... comrades!

To some, yes—to some, no—through.

Your foes are gathering round,

And peace has lost its charms;

Pursue the helmet, sword and shield,
The trumpet calls you to the field."

They are coming—more of them—a conquering Army to this great commercial centre.

[illegible] Cape, had just finished a good ... with four souls, among them

THE COMICALEST MAN IN MONTREAL!

to see at a glance that Dunn ... a fresh man. He was a poor outcast ... drunkard; had once been a respectable man, and did twenty-one years' hard ... durable service for his Queen and country, but alas, like thousands of others—he had fallen. Shivering ... beneath his tattered garments, he stood ... outside the Mechanics' Hall, with only 25 cents in his pocket—all he owned in this world. Accosting a ... sister who was ascending the stair, he ... asked, "Will they feed me?" "Yes," ... she replied, "come along with me." Dunn went in, God spoke to him, and he left the hall a sober and a saved man.

In his testimony he says—"My name is Dunn (done), but I am not finished!" He is going on to glory, and we pray he may finish in Heaven.

Everything looked favourable for a successful opening of the New Temple. The appearance of the building is superb; the artistic display is admirable.

The painters have ceased their nimble workmanship, and the great audacious may be said to be "finished." A "scrubbing bee" astonished the eight to scour the seats and clean the floors. Everything is ready.

LOOK OUT!

OPENING OF THE BARRACKS—
A GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

Another great and memorable event in the annals of the Army's Canadian history has had its issue. That which three years ago would have seemed an insurmountable impossibility, is to-day an accomplished fact. The "gates" have been thrown open and the conquering hosts of the living God, have marched triumphantly through. So great has been the victory, so high has the blood-stained flag been raised, that the struggles and conflicts of the past, sink into insignificance, and would fain bury themselves deep in the valley of oblivion, were not our memories still sensitive to the loss of

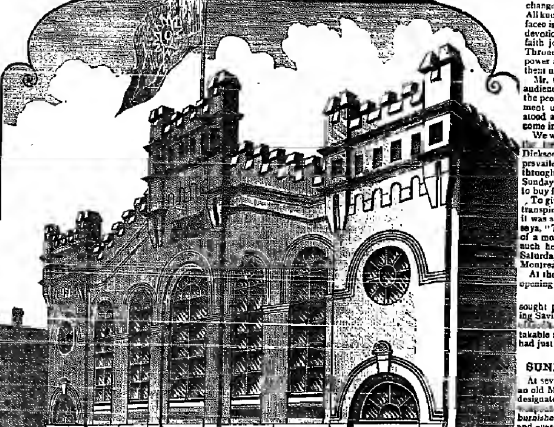
THE HEROIC MAIDEN:

that gallant, now glorified warrior, who with his little hand, planted the flag on Victoria Square, and braved the fierce storms of the opening attack.

The astonished Frenchman has stood with pasted lips and gazing eyes, looking with awe and wonderful astonishment on the battalions of the great S. A., which, doubtless he had imagined to be a small band of religious enthusiasts and Church-opposers, tolerated no where, but in Montreal. The élite of the city who have never thought it worth their while even to inquire into the object of the Army's existence, have had their eyes opened to its glorious principles and successful measures. Our friends and sympathisers who have so nobly stood by us; have rallied with renewed courage and deeper interest in our efforts. The Press has done for us far beyond our expectations.

From the very commencement of the proceedings, the city has been in a boiling state of ... on Saturday night. During the day crowds ... of officers, soldiers and bandsmen had arrived in the city, and thus a magnificent rank and file presented itself. It was a rousing march, there being no less than three brass bands—Kingston, Montreal, and the far-famed Quintette.

The Commissioner, Chief-of-Staff and Mr. Gooderham arrived at eight o'clock and were soon seated on the platform. The meeting opened by singing Grill's masterpiece, "The glorious principles and successful measures. Yellow Red and Blue." The Commissioner's "pioneer" trip to the Pacific Coast had in no measure affected his usual free and happy spirit. He expressed himself delighted to be present and to meet such an enthusiastic welcome which made itself felt in three of the most deafening ... vollies we have heard for some time.



Suddenly the spirit of the meeting changes from the gay to the grave. All kneel in prayer and a heartfelt ... faces is written an expression of deep devotion and earnestness. Prayer and faith [illegible] ... and soared to the Throne, filled their vials with light, power and divine blessing, and poured them out upon the vast assembly.

Mr. Gooderham then addressed the audience, enlisting the sympathies of the people in the work of that movement upon whose platform he then stood and which he himself had become in spirit a part.

We were rejoiced once more to hear [illegible] ... Dickens, from Toronto. Evangelical [illegible] prevailed as he related his conversion through the sound of the drum one Sunday morning as he was on his way to buy liquor.

To give reports *in extenso* of all that transpired is impossible, in a word it was simply beautiful. The *Witness* says, "The meetings throughout were of a most enthusiastic character, and such hearty music as was given on Saturday night has not been heard in Montreal for some time."

At the close of this, the first of the opening meetings

[illegible] ... sought peace at the feet of a pardoning Saviour. Surely this was a token [illegible] ... and of His smile.

[illegible] ... takable was upon the building which had just been dedicated to His service.

SUNDAY'S MEETINGS.

As seven o'clock Adjutant Marshall an old Montreal veteran, led what was designated a "Sword Exercise." The [illegible] ... burnished up, the old gods completed and every soul blessed.

AN AVALANCHE OF FIRE

was announced for seven o'clock. Some good people turned up the whites of their eyes and tried to look disconcerted at such a ridiculous appellation for a religious service and what presumption for human man to fix an hour for the descent of the fire of heaven!

The Salvation Army believes, from scripture as well as personal proof, that God is willing to send His fire into every prepared heart who is willing to receive it, and God's time for doing it is always "now—even while we are yet praying!"

The body of the Hall was nicely filled. The meeting opened with that inspiring melody, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." God was manifestly present and spoke to many hearts.

The Commissioner then read the 1st and 2nd verses of the first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Colossians:—"Paul, an apostle of Jesus Christ, by the will of God, and Timotheus, our brother, to the saints and faithful brethren in Christ which are at Colosse: Grace be unto you and peace from God, our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ." Some outline on these passages, the Commissioner said:—

"I like the way that sounds. It speaks kindly of the brethren. I care not from whom comes a blessing so long as I feel that I receive it, and I would have no objection if somebody, by laying their hands on my head, should be the means of conveying a blessing to my heart. It's no use anybody telling me that I am not in the Apostolic succession, as it came to me from Divine hands. I know I am as Apostolic of Christ, by the will of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.]

AT W BARRACKS, MONTREAL.

"The powers of darkness leagued in vain,
To bind His soul to death;
He shook their kingdom when He fell,
With His expiring breath.

The Montreal Temple is opened, and we guess everybody in Montreal knows it. For four days the streets have been thronged with Salvationists. Army procession have swept through the great thoroughfares; Brass bands have blasted forth their entrancing strains of music; the songs of Zion were never pealed out more joyfully; the shouts of the redeemed never rose so high in the air, and never found such a respondent echo from the land where the glorified roam!

awe-stricken excitement, not only among Salvationists, but amongst the populace generally. What is it all about? Why I a new Temple has been raised unto the Lord, a house wherein His praises will resound, and wherein we intend to say—are sure that hundreds and thousands will pray the psalmist's prayer to Him.

"To whom there's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear."

Burdens shall be laid down and the Cross taken up, sinners transformed into Soldiers of the Cross.

The first procession to leave the bar[illegible] ...